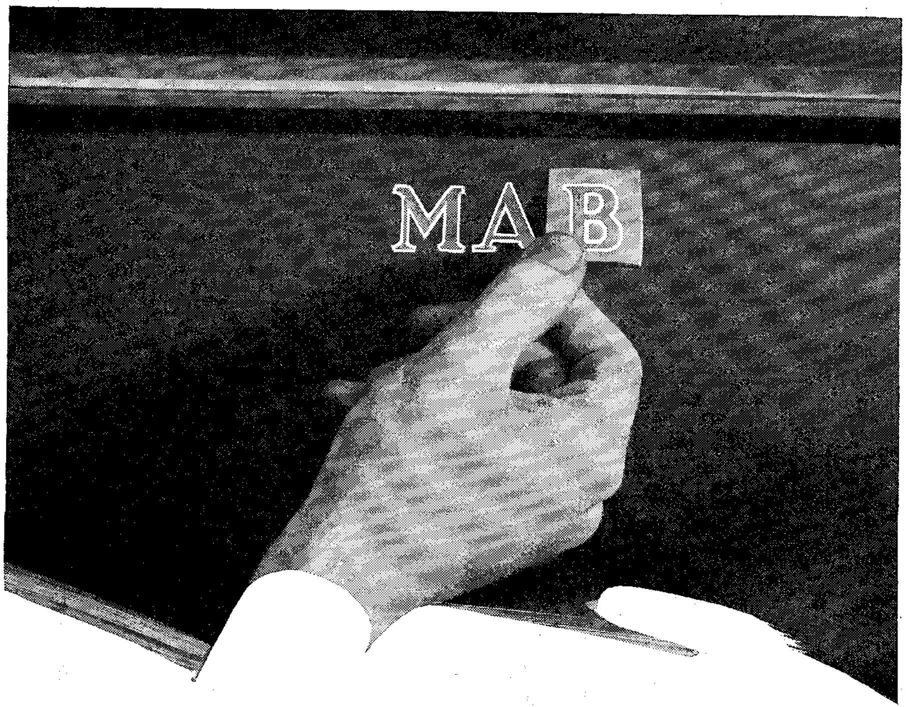

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May 2, 1936

The Literary Digest

FOR MAY 2, 1936

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The Open Forum

PRIDE AND GRIT

Sir:—Referring to the letter "Work" in a recent issue, you know our labor conditions better than I—that regular, *non*-government employment is at least exceptional.

I have three sons—aged twenty-five, twenty-three, twenty-one years—and an eighteen-year-old daughter.

My first son (I am sorry) has a government salary—radio, Department of Commerce. We have my second son in college, and my daughter finishing high school in June. My third son has a position with one of the largest commercial fertilizer firms in the East—branch plant located here. His salary is $75 a month, a better salary than any other Pensacola business pays. I keep a garden and chickens, and budget my son's salary so that we are able to take advantage of some of the better things of life.

We began with *nothing*, three and a half years ago. Nothing except our personal pride, a capacity for good, wholesome work, an objective, and the faith that you can do what you want to do if you will to do it.

In spite of Roosevelt, and the financial

(*Continued on page 43*)

The Literary Digest
NEW YORK MAY 2, 1936

Topics of the day

AMERICA: READY FOR WAR OR HELPLESS?

Outlines of Possible Attacks and Movements to Meet Them

Suppose sleepy citizens of Omaha, Nebraska, should waken in the night, choking on acrid fumes; fly to electric switches, find their lights gone; frantically twist faucets to get water to bathe their smarting eyes, find the water turned off. The dancing flames from their own or neighbors' burning houses might draw them to windows, gasping for air. There they would see streets packed with tramping soldiers—strange little men from another world.

The enemy from overseas! But how did they get to Omaha? How could they have escaped notice all the way from the coast?

What few telegraph wires were by accident not yet cut would not be able to answer those questions; but they would tell Omaha that the same hostile troops were in San Antonio, in Detroit, in Atlanta and Buffalo.

Could that happen here? A certain Oriental military fanatic thinks so. The average American emphatically does not. But U. S. Army experts, for all their secretive composure, do not know what might or might not happen in this age of air-planes. They believe that in all events America should be prepared—not only in planes and guns and troops, but in the essential raw materials and munitions without which no nation can defend itself.

Differing Senators—So does Senator Gerald P. Nye's Munitions Committee, which has just concluded an exhaustive two-year study of the problem, altho members differed as to the best way to prepare.

Senator James P. Pope, of Idaho, more interested in peace than in preparedness, frankly suspicious of "big business" anyway, believes government ownership of war industries might even end war. Before many an intent women's club he has expounded that theory, thumping the rostrum until the spectacles slid down his ranch-tanned nose.

Two other Democrats—Walter F. George of Georgia and Homer T. Bone of Washington—were inclined to agree with Mr. Pope. Bennett Champ Clark, of Missouri, and two Republicans, while admitting that most arms-makers might be war-mongers, preferred stricter control to outright nationalization, argued that the latter system made for waste, delay, and graft. They were W. Warren Barbour of New Jersey, and Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan.

Into this deadlock stepped the man whom the munitions inquiry raised from comparative oblivion to head-line heights—Chairman Nye, more rebel than Republican. His deciding vote brought a recommendation for nationalization; stopped just short of recommending nationalization of all industry and mobilization of all capital and man-power in event of war—a move which he has indicated as his next step.

Keystone

Munitions—made in America

None of the seven believes for a moment that Omaha will ever waken to the tramp of alien boots. They dismiss as jingo rubbish a booklet brought to light in the Philippines two years ago—an interesting study in which a Major Naguchi described in painstaking detail "a plan of land, air, and sea operations against the United States of America."

Fortune, refusing to play ostrich but at the same time scolding jingoes of whatever complexion, pulled out a map, studied it. Weighing the possibility of enemy aviation bases in the wilds of Canada and Mexico, the practicability of combined sea and air attacks on two coasts, this magazine reeled off some interesting figures.

Distances Measured—It is less than 100 statute miles (a half-hour's flying time) across the Bering Strait. From Fairbanks to northern Manitoba about eight hours. From there to Omaha, three or four. From the wastelands of northeastern Canada to the Ohio Valley industrial empire, "the Ruhr of the U. S.," an easy night's hop.

Houston, Birmingham, and Norfolk, all within four to six hours of the West Indies. The whole Northwest north and west of the lines San Francisco-Denver-Minneapolis without an Army air-field, with only two coast defense systems, virtually unprotected against surprize air attack.

An enterprising Kansan, Clarence P. Oakes, Correspondent for sixty-five Midwestern papers, stumbled onto other surprizes on a 2,700-mile tour of Russia last summer. Why were tens of thousands of Soviet youths learning to parachute from planes? Out of the clouds above Kiev one day 150 red planes hummed north in hollow-square formation. Presently white specks fluttered beneath them; 300 men, 150 machine-guns sifted to earth, landing in a hollow square two miles on a side. The planes circled, returned with 300 more infantrymen, dropped them into the square; went back for more—1,500 in all.

The whole operation lasted less than four hours, since the planes were only fifty miles from their hangars. Four thousand planes equipped (as new ones will be) to carry an average of six or more men beside the pilot could, provided they were not shot down, transport 24,000 armed troops 2,000 miles across plain, mountain, and ocean in from eight to twelve hours, drop them where they could surprize Omahans or any other inlanders out of a year's sleep.

Defense Theories—How, in such an unlikely contingency, could America avert collapse? By being ready, all but the most militant pacifists chorus. By being able quickly to fall back on uninvaded districts of the country for supplies, says the War Department, which for fifteen years has been quietly mobilizing industry to that end.

Remembering the experience of the World War, when American industry, because of lack of a national mobilization plan, was slow in delivering munitions and other supplies, framers of the National Defense Act of 1920, the Army's *Magna Carta*, took procurement away from the General Staff and gave it to a civilian, the Assistant Secretary of War. Harry F. Woodring, Alf Landon's industrious Democratic predecessor as Governor of Kansas, now has the job.

Since 1920 more than 20,000 factories have been surveyed, 12,000 of them chosen as possible contractors for more than 200,000 articles. Only one-third make weapons; the majority turn out everything from potato-mashers to hobnails.

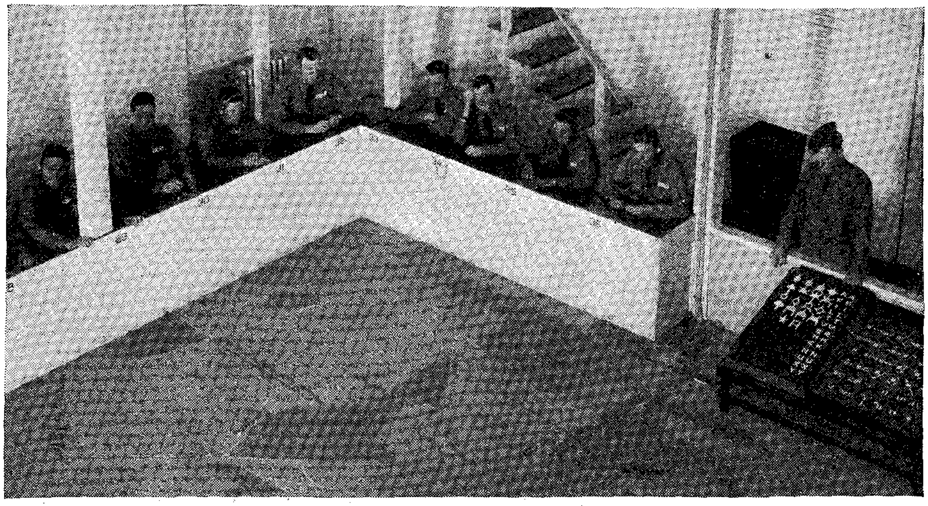
Materials Adequate—But it takes more than potato-mashers to keep an army going. In modern war there are nine basic essentials—chemicals, coal, iron ore, steel, oil, power, machinery, manufacturing prowess, and food. America is the only nation which has all nine within its continental borders.

Specific raw materials in which America is virtually self-sufficient are nickel, tungsten, antimony, mercury, platinum, mica, nitrates, hides, camphor, shellac, cocoa, silk, jute, manila fiber, sisal, wool, coffee, and sugar. Insufficient stocks of chromium and manganese are being built up as rapidly as possible. Taking twenty-four (the number of indispensable raw materials) as an index, the rating is: U. S., 22.35; Germany, 6.20; France, 5.37; Russia, 4.95; Britain, 4.50; Italy, 1.92; Japan, 1.77.

So, with all quiet on the industrial front, the Administration has turned its attention to the armed forces.

Without a "nay," the House voted 4,000 new combat planes, to be built at the rate of 800 a year, and assigned 1,350 Reserve pilots to Regular duty. It was high time, for of late there have not been enough new aircraft for replacement, let alone expansion. Comparative strength of the Powers, according to the United Press, is:

	Mar. '35	Mar. '36	Mar. '37
British Empire	2,800	3,600	5,600
France	3,600	3,400	4,000
Russia	3,000	3,800	4,000
Italy	2,300	2,800	4,000
United States	2,060	1,900	2,200
Japan	1,850	2,000	2,100
Germany	600	2,800	4,300



U. S. Army Photo

Army cadets learn how to spot the target for their bombs

To fly these new planes, more pilots will be recruited through an Air Reserve Training Corps for college boys between seventeen and twenty-four. The most promising will be sent to the Army's "West Point of the Air" in Texas. Commercial and private aviation will swell the total of those able to fly, as well as the number of planes, for modern passenger aircraft can become bombers almost overnight.

Aviation Objectives—Meanwhile every branch of the Air Service is bending efforts toward producing the fastest, highest-flying, most invulnerable ships in the world. The Army now is aiming at the substratosphere, 30,000 feet up, so that defending planes can keep well above the enemy, maneuvering him down to within range of the new antiaircraft guns. The newest pursuit planes will do 300 miles an hour at such heights. Already the fastest in the world, they are expected to attain 400 or even 500 soon.

The new antiaircraft guns are veiled in mystery, but it is known that they can fire 20,000 feet with amazing accuracy, that they will fire shrapnel bursts which explode on contact with so slight a surface as wing fabric, and that they can be whisked from place to place on motor-trucks at fifty miles an hour, set up as quickly as a photographer's tripod.

But the Army is not the only defense arm seeking new weapons. Admiral William H. Standley, Acting Secretary of the Navy, has asked for two $50,000,000 battle-cruisers now and a third soon after, and for an air force of 2,190 planes. The Naval Academy is planning the addition of 800 midshipmen. The Army, too, is recruiting—13,000 men and 1,300 officers—up to 165,000, a skeleton army into which the R. O. T. C. and National Guard are woven, and which will be brought to war strength by enlistment and the draft.

Press Reaction — But as this showier side of national defense moves forward, the press looks at Senator Nye's proposals with a for the most part jaundiced eye. Only three out of a score examined could be construed as altogether favorable.

The Philadelphia *Record* thought "of the billions it will save if it keeps us out of one war"; the Washington *Daily News* said "a recent nation-wide public poll indicated that the American people are four to one in favor of Government munitions manufacture"; the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* warned munitions makers ". . . to rid their business of all unsavory practises."

Running a wide gamut of editorial opposition to the majority's "emotional answer to the war problem," to use a San Francisco *Chronicle* phrase, there is the Philadelphia *Inquirer's* legalistic view that "burden of proof is upon the proponents of Government ownership," and the Rochester *Democrat & Chronicle's* note that "the Committee could not agree, and had no bills to submit."

From industrialized Buffalo, *The Courier Express* says that "every Congressman would be seeking bigger and better munitions plants for his own District," while the Los Angeles *Times* fears nationalization "would . . . promote the building of arms factories by every nation," with "a huge increase in the world's armament."

"In any question of national defense," advises the Boston *News Bureau*, "efficiency is the first consideration," and the Baltimore *Sun* recalls that "Russia has a nationalized munitions industry, and Mussolini has virtually nationalized that of Italy; nevertheless the danger of war besets both countries as definitely as if they were regular customers of Sir Basil Zaharoff."

Meanwhile the country refuses to be alarmed by jingoes. It holds no gas-mask drills, digs no subterranean hideouts, parades no youth in arms, leaving all such hysterics to other lands. The man in the street does not believe America will ever be attacked from the air. A generation ago he did not believe man would ever fly the Atlantic.

PRESS FREEDOM Editors Give Their Views on Dangers Descried as From Within

At an Associated Press luncheon in New York's Waldorf-Astoria last week 500 leading Canadian and American newspaper executives got a jolt from that veteran journalistic jolt-giver, Henry Louis Mencken.

"Your newspapers," *The American Mercury's* ex-editor solemnly told them, "are the only critical agencies of any genuine competence and influence left in the American scheme of things." Then, while his sympathetic hearers tugged earnestly at after-coffee cigars, the Baltimore foe of cut flowers, subways, and the New Deal warned the press "to keep a wary eye on the gentlemen who operate this great nation, and only too often slip into the assumption that they own it."

Agreeing with him on the need for a free press, differing with him on the quarter from which it is threatened, was Sir Wilmott Lewis, dean of the foreign correspondents' corps at Washington.

Said this veteran of the London *Times:*

"As long as his newspapers pay, and the telephone from his house to the editorial offices is in working order, the owner of a group of papers has more absolute irresponsibility in the use of great power than any other living man."

Lack of Surprize—The scholarly Britisher's belief that chain-newspaper owners censor their editorial writers' remarks was no news to the American Fourth Estate's inner circle. Editors and public would have been startled if, on April 7, the morning after the nineteenth anniversary of America's entry in the World War, "To-day," Arthur Brisbane's syndicated editorial column, had said:

"We had no business in that War that caused us to squander $50,000,000,000 with inept extravagance, plus $10,000,000,000 to dishonorable borrowers in Europe. . . . The man to remember and honor at this time is the dead Senator La Follette, who made a vigorous fight against United States entrance into the War."

Tho Editor Brisbane at seventy-one is reputedly the largest stockholder in the Hearst chain, hot cancellation messages burned the wires from America's No. 1 publisher's California *rancho,* suppressing most of the column for April 7 papers. Nor was it the first time that had happened.

Questionnaire—Another editor, this one an independent publisher from a small town in what Mr. Mencken scornfully calls the "Bible belt," privately underlined some of the evils in chain-newspaper ownership generally. He was William Allen White, venerable and venerated boss of the Emporia (Kan.) *Gazette,* who responded with alacrity to an informal questionnaire.

Q. "Do you agree with Sir Wilmott Lewis that the greatest danger to the freedom of the press comes from the press itself, rather than from any outside agencies, such as government?"

A. "Yes. The greatest menace to the freedom of the press is class-consciousness of editors—on one side the communists; on the other the fascists—the class-consciousness of the fanatic, and the equally deadly poison of the country club. Each sees every story through its own colored glasses."

Q. "Do you believe that the American press is actually in danger of government suppression, or that such fears are merely false scares?"

A. "As war approaches, suppression will grow, subconscious fear of the proponents of war. As peace grows more likely, suppression will vanish. Read these signs and see the future."

Another Defender—Yet another commentator who stanchly defends America's right to a free press is Westbrook Pegler, author of "Fair Enough," a column distributed throughout the country by the United Feature Syndicate. Just back from a European grand tour, he says he found "no freedom of the press in Austria, Germany, Italy, Russia; while the English press is governed only by rules of good taste, patriotism, and libel laws."

Surveying the Washington scene as a returning prodigal, Mr. Pegler said, "I agree that Roosevelt has been inching up very close to a dictatorship, whether he thinks so or not. The threat is a little more real now than it was six months ago."

BARRICADING JOBS

Troops Guard Colorado Borders to Keep Out the Indigent

In a rickety, panting old car, Ramone Ruiz rattled over the northern border of New Mexico one morning last week, bound for the Colorado beet-fields.

Crowded in with him were two men friends, his wife, and five children. They had $3 among them.

Just over the border, trim Colorado National Guardsmen, bronzed under their campaign hats, motioned Ruiz to halt, investigated his citizenship and finances, ordered him to turn the car around, and sent him jouncing back to New Mexico.

All that day, all last week, that scene was repeated, with variations, along Colorado's 360-mile southern frontier, from the desolate, eroded "dust-bowl" in the Southeast, stamping grounds of Billy the Kid, to the Ute Indian Reservation in the Southwest. Stopping trains, trucks, pleasure cars, and buses, Guardsmen inquired into the assets and origins of the occupants, and turned back the alien and the indigent, about seventy the first day.

Two days earlier, Gov. Edward C. Johnson, proclaiming martial law in a mile-wide strip along the southern border, had ordered the Guardsmen to "prevent and repel the further invasion of . . . aliens, indigent persons, or invaders."

"Jobs in this State are for our citizens," he proclaimed. He charged that Colorado employers had gone South to recruit outsiders, mainly Mexicans, to work as sheep-shearers, railway track-laborers and, particularly, beet-thinners.

Large-scale employers denied it. "We are cooperating with all the Governor's recognized labor organizations in obtaining labor we need for sugar-beet fields," declared C. V. Maddux, labor agent for the Great Western Sugar Company.

Wide World

Gov. Edward C. Johnson: Martial law, but no cheap labor for Colorado

To Coloradoans, Governor Johnson himself was an outsider until 1909, and he is the son of aliens. He was born near Scandia, Kansas, of immigrant parents, both of whom were naturalized—"the proudest day of their lives," the Governor says. In his youth, he swung a pick as a railroad section-hand, later becoming a telegrapher.

In Colorado, where he went for his health, he took up a homestead, built a sod-and-log house, developed a farm, taught school, and finally went into Democratic politics and the State Legislature. He was elected Governor in 1932 and reelected in 1934, defeating Josephine Roche, friend of President and Mrs. Roosevelt, in the primaries.

Powerful Hitter—His health is good now; he stands six feet two and weighs two hundred and five. Usually he is even-tempered, but, roused, he hits out hard.

His opponents at the moment, the itinerant Mexican sugar-beet workers, are not, however, a formidable lot. Overalled, short, swarthy, they flock into Colorado in rusty rattletrap cars, bound together with baling wire and luck, in search of dollar-a-day jobs in the sugar-beet fields.

To keep the sugar-beet jobs for Coloradoans, Governor Johnson has taken a tip from California. On February 5, James E. Davis, husky Los Angeles Chief of Police, sent scores of his policemen to the passes and dunes of California's eastern border with orders to stop those migrants with police records and discourage the entrance of the rest. The patrol, tho gradually loosened, is saving California "between ten and twelve million annually," he estimates.

But this "bum blockade," as it was derisively called, set part of the press by the ears, and Colorado's is critical now.

Press Comment—"A bad thing," mourns the Greeley, Colorado, *Tribune*. "Lacks legal authority," protests the Colorado Springs *Gazette*.

"Unnecessary and foolish," storms the Albuquerque *Journal* from New Mexico, source of many of the beet-workers. "The Colorado Governor has had a brainstorm," scoffs the Sante Fe *New Mexican*.

But the Governor has his champions, particularly in Colorado. "A needed move," approves the *Chronicle News* in Trinidad, down near the southern border. "In the interests of Colorado labor," supplements the Boulder *Daily Camera*.

"It appears," says the Colorado Association of Commercial Organizations, "that Governor Johnson's ban . . . has met general approval."

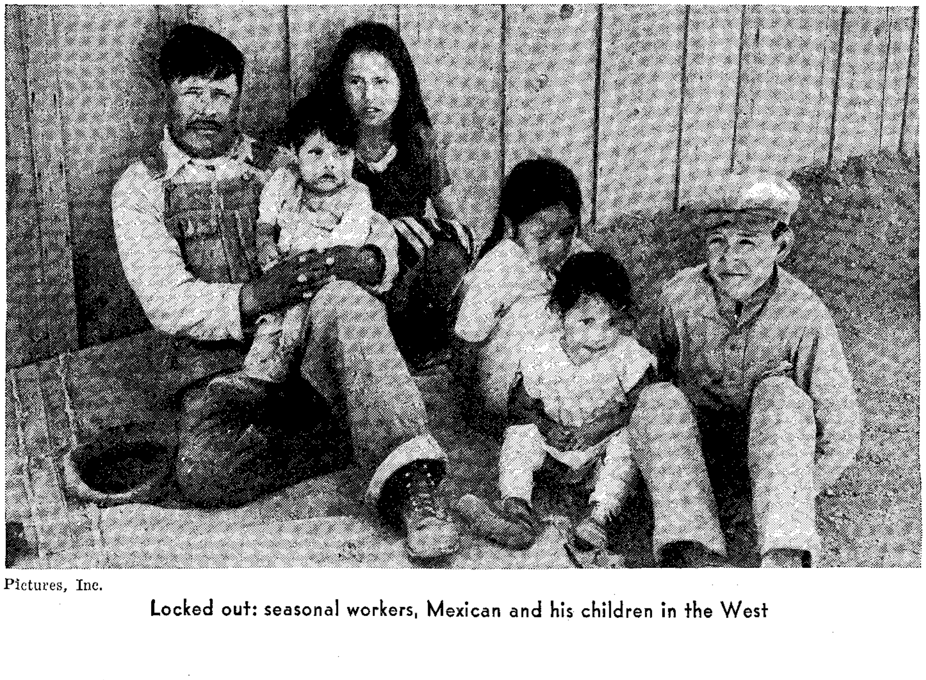
One incoming Spanish-American lady, stopped at the Colorado border, stepped aside, reached into her stocking, and pulled out $5,000. The amazed Guardsmen admitted her.

MAY DAY CRISIS

Schism in Socialist Party Between Its Left-Wing and "Old Guard"

May Day. In Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco: laughing schoolchildren dancing around gaily-colored May-poles. In Moscow: the heavy tread of uniformed men marching past the tomb of Lenin in Red Square. In other cities the world over: massed demonstrations by Socialists.

Socialists in New York, the only city in the United States where demonstrations


Pictures, Inc.

Locked out: seasonal workers, Mexican and his children in the West of any size take place, faced May Day with genuine anxiety this week. There was little to sing about. A two-year-old schism that threatened to split the Party neatly in half was working its way to the surface.

The crisis which looms before the Socialist Party is the climax of the second of two quakes that have rocked American Socialism to its foundations during the last twenty years. There was bickering in the early days of the Party, but after 1900, under the persuasive and masterful leadership of Eugene V. Debs, discordant notes were soft-pedaled or obliterated. The Socialist star began to ascend rapidly in the political constellation.

From 1900 to 1915 the Party had its golden years. Registered membership climbed from 16,000 to 80,000. At one time there were Socialists in the Legislatures of a dozen States pushing demands for a graduated income tax, recall of public officials, and the election of Senators by popular vote.

Loss of Strength—The boom that came to American industry when Europe marched to War brought a drought to Socialism. Membership dropped to 26,766. Socialist-governed towns and counties drifted back into conservative hands.

In 1917 came the first great upheaval. A large section of the Party declared against American participation in the "capitalistic" World War. The issue seared deeply and the work of disruption which it started was completed two years later, when Communism came to America to cause still further defection.

After trailing disconsolately behind the La Follette Progressives until 1924, the Party crystallized around the dynamic Norman Thomas.

During the thirty-five years of the official existence of the American Socialist Party, it has been in the peculiar position of having to move farther and farther to the left in order to retain its identity in the face of the fulfilment of its demands by conservative Administrations.

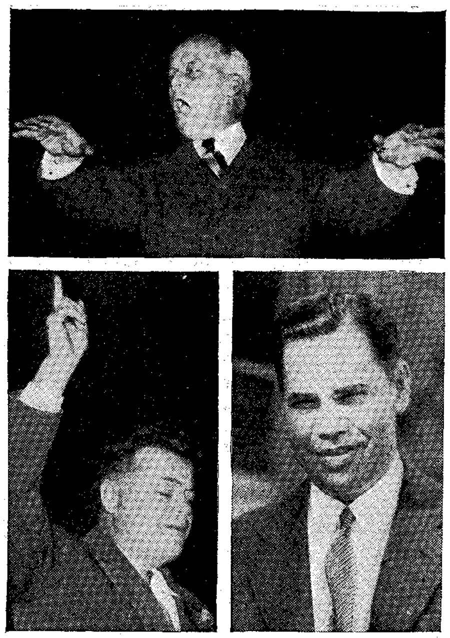
New Deal emergency legislation foreshadowed another Socialistic leap to the left. It came in 1934 at the National Convention of the Party in Detroit, and with it came a second violent quake like that of 1917. Norman Thomas and a group of Left-wingers jammed through a "Declaration of Principles" proposing "mass resistance" to war and favoring the "dictatorship of the proletariat."

Louis Waldman, New York State Chairman, denounced the Declaration.

Critic Eliminated—Last January the National Executive Committee accomplished the elimination of Waldman.

This week it looked as if it would be a gloomy May Day for Socialists. As the Thomas wing and the Communists made arrangements for a united front demonstration, the Right-wing group decided to hold its own celebration in an entirely different part of Manhattan.

At the same time there came a statement from David Dubinsky, Waldman follower and powerful leader of the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union: ". . . I can no longer be identified with a Party which is making alliances with Communists." He would join other disgruntled Socialists, he said, in working for the reelection of President Roosevelt.


Acme, Wide World

Socialist schism: Norman Thomas (top), Socialist leader who disagrees with David Dubinsky (left) and Louis Waldman (right)

Not until May 23, when the Socialist Party meets in national convention at Cleveland, will the measure of the latest breach in the organization be known. It is almost a certainty that Left-wingers will attempt to grab the reins. If they are successful, there will be only one obvious refuge for their die-hard opposition from the East: Philadelphia, where the Democratic National Convention will assemble exactly one month later.

Norman Thomas, favoring union with Communists only on certain issues, is taken to task by the *Daily Worker,* which calls loudly for a nation-wide united front of Socialists and Communists to back a Farmer-Labor Presidential ticket. Thomas opposes the move because he does not want to irritate Roosevelt supporters among the A. F. of L., the paper says.

JOBLESS ALWAYS Even Return to 1929 Industrial Level Would Leave Five Million Workless

In all the current discussion of cures for unemployment, one fact recurs with gloomy monotony: there always have been people out of work, probably always will be.

From 1897 to 1929, surveys show, variations in the figure for the United States were slight, hovering close to the million mark. The world-wide depression brought ever greater increases. The National Bureau of Economic Research gives the following figures gathered by Col. Leonard P. Ayres for the Cleveland Trust Company:

1929	1,361,000
1930	4,109,000
1931	8,498,000
1932	12,710,000
1933	13,036,000
1934	12,130,000
1935	12,374,000
Jan. 1936	12,892,000

The American Federation of Labor estimates that even a return to the industrial level of 1929 would leave about 5,000,000 without steady jobs. Some give a higher figure. The stock explanation advanced is "technological unemployment"—the increasing displacement of men by machines.

In Philadelphia last week, hard on the heels of President Roosevelt's Baltimore promise that measures soon would be taken to have industry absorb more unemployed, the WPA began a comprehensive study of the causes of this technological factor. About 150 persons will be hired, mostly from the relief-rolls.

In Washington, the Bureau of Labor Statistics will tabulate the material these 150 bring in. The Bureau of Agricultural Statistics meanwhile will collect data on displacement of farm labor, and other New Deal bureaus will cooperate.

The survey is to be under the general supervision of Corrington Gill, Assistant WPA Administrator, Harry L. Hopkins's right-hand man, and most loyal booster.

Economic Surveyor—A graduate of the University of Wisconsin, he has been business manager of the Washington Press Service, consultant in Washington on business and economic conditions, and economist and statistician of the Federal Employment Stabilization Board.

David Weintraub, thirty-year-old graduate of the College of the City of New York and Columbia, is conducting the study. He has been on the Gill staff since 1933, and Mr. Gill calls him the greatest analyst of relief in the United States.

First results probably will not be ready until late in the year. Mr. Gill is emphatic in saying that he promises no panaceas to spring from it. But he believes that it will do much toward acquainting the country with the underlying causes of industrial uncertainty, and, thus, pave the way for counter-measures in an intelligent long-range program.

TOWNSEND WAR Old-Age Pension Plan Causes Skirmishing On Several Battle-Fronts

On several fronts the battle of the Townsend Plan raged last week. In other sectors there were skirmishes presaging violent engagements.

Washington—In the major encounter, a House Committee fired questions at witnesses. Chief gunner was Chairman C. Jasper Bell, Missouri Democrat.

Foes of the Townsend Plan cheered when Robert E. Clements, cofounder of the scheme, admitted he had received $77,800 through the movement in two and one-half years. His total salary was about $9,900, he said. In 1935, he received $21,375 in dividends from the Prosperity Publishing Company, publishers of *The Townsend Weekly,* and from the sale of other Townsend literature. When he resigned as Secretary-Treasurer of OARP, he received $54,390, of which $50,000 was for ten shares of the publishing company's stock.

Meanwhile, the Townsendites were counter-attacking. Representative John H. Tolan, California Democrat, put down a barrage of figures from the poll of the Townsend Clubs. Affidavits received from 2,703 branches with a membership of 1,003,027 showed, he said, that all contributions to the movement had been voluntary; protested the investigation was "a waste of taxpayers' money."

Washington prepared to call the leader

of the movement, Dr. Francis E. Townsend, on May 5.

Los Angeles—Two members of the House Committee, Representative Joseph A. Gavagan, New York Democrat, and Representative Sam Collins, California Republican, questioned witnesses who had been "reluctant" to make voluntary statements.

Kansas City—Townsendites drove ahead with plans for their National Convention, set for July 3-5.

New York—Another volley against the Townsend Plan was fired by the Twentieth Century Fund, a philanthropic foundation supported by Edward A. Filene, Boston merchant. "It is obvious," said the report, "that anything like $200 a month is utterly impossible with our present economic machinery."

Editors ask what effect the Townsend Convention may have on the election.

"Townsendism as a separate theory and organization," says *The Ohio State Journal* (Ind.-Rep.), discussing this angle, "is split up, wrangling, disorganized.

"But Townsendism as a mental picture and desire is still very much in existence, and President Roosevelt, in asking that there be an age limit on jobs, is fishing in the same stream, angling for the Townsend vote."

Says the New York *Daily Worker* (Com.), the Townsend Convention will have the choice of supporting either of the two old parties—"helping defeat their own movement," or they can "pool their strength with all progressive forces, trade unionists, farmers, Socialists, and Communists that are fighting for social insurance, and help launch a Farmer-Labor Party in '36."

AVENGING SCIENCE New Triumphs in Detecting Crime Assure Fund for "G-Men"

On the same day that New York morning papers blazoned the news that science had helped solve the eleven-day mystery of a woman writer's murder, the Senate fought down an attempt to clip the fund asked by J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the "G-Men," for the Government's war on crime.

Both cases set editors to writing on the importance of the rôle science is playing in society's struggle with the criminal.

In the New York case, the strangling of Mrs. Nancy Evans Titterton, whose body was found in a bathtub in her apartment, was solved after laboratory analysis of a bit of cord left by the murderer. The analysis led to the canvassing of twenty-five cordage manufacturers and the ultimate tracing of the cord to an upholsterer's shop. The upholsterer's assistant, John Fiorenza, confessed the murder, according to the police.

Fears that the laboratory work of the Federal Bureau of Investigation might be curtailed were expressed when a Senate subcommittee lopped $225,000 off the $6,025,000 appropriation asked. Mr. Hoover, in a clash with Senator Kenneth McKellar, Tennessee Democrat, had warned that any cut in the appropriation might lead to "a new wave of kidnaping."

Back went the $225,000 when the measure came before the Senate.

Acme

Science in the Department of Justice: J. Edgar Hoover (*right*) gives pointers to Attorney General Homer S. Cummings on finger-printing

On the same day, Attorney General Homer S. Cummings announced a $5,000 reward for a tip leading to the capture of Alvin Karpis, "Public Enemy No. 1." Karpis is wanted for the $200,000 kidnaping of Edward G. Bremer, St. Paul bank President, on January 17, 1934.

Effective Science—In this case also, science played a part in uncovering a clue to the kidnapers. "G-Men," following the supposed route of the kidnapers, saw an old milk-can at the side of the road and discovered it had contained gasoline. They sent it to Washington; the can bore the finger-prints of Karpis.

"Almost everything imaginable may constitute a clue in a criminal investigation," according to Dr. Harry Soderman and Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell of the New York City Police Department, who collaborated in writing "Modern Criminal Investigation" (Funk & Wagnalls Company). For instance:

"Dust and dirt which are in or on the suspect's apparel, shoes, hair, under the nails, or in fissures, or on weapons or tools, may give some clue as to where the suspect has previously been or what he has done.

"In one case, the wife of a barber was found murdered and the husband was suspected of having committed the crime. A particle of wood was found in one of the fissures of his pocket-knife. The prosecuting attorney showed, with the aid of expert evidence, that the barber had carved away all traces of blood from the hammer he had used to kill his wife."

STATE-HOUSE SIEGE Jersey Jobless Invade Capitol, Hold "Paupers' Parliament"

Three fathers with a total of fifteen children staged the "Paupers' Parliament" at Trenton, New Jersey, last week which agitated the State and dramatized the general question of Federal *versus* local relief.

In charge of the tattered army of "hunger marchers," men, women, and children, who took possession of the New Jersey Assembly Chamber to force issuance of relief funds for 300,000 needy, were:

Raymond Cooke, State Chairman of the Workers' Alliance of America, a red-haired, ruddy-faced man of forty-three, an unemployed vaudeville actor, and father of two children.

Powell E. Johnson, forty-six, plump, white-haired former accountant, now Executive Secretary of the State branch of the Workers' Alliance. He has eight children.

John Spain, Jr., a well built man of thirty-two, with a powerful speaking voice. He is New Jersey General Organizer of the Workers' Alliance. He has five children.

The siege began when the Legislature adjourned without providing relief funds.

As the legislators moved out, members of the Alliance moved in. At first there were about twenty-five, then their ranks were augmented by 175 others. Day and night they continued the siege, sleeping in the seats, on the floor, on the stairs. The Speaker's desk became a table where sandwiches and other food were prepared. They held mock legislative sessions.

Police on Guard—Police stood ready with tear gas, but the demonstrators were orderly. With about $3,000,000 a month needed for the State's jobless, the Governor, sturdy, dark-haired Harold G. Hoff-

© International

Jersey's jobless: "We'll sit it out until the Legislature returns" man, told them no funds were available. He tossed the problem back to the Legislature.

Hopes for quick action revived when a hurry-up session of the Legislature was called by leaders; they were dashed when the call was canceled. Then the leaders of the Republican majority announced a program for administration of relief by municipalities, with State assistance.

Meanwhile, the growing debate over whether the Federal Government should permit States and municipalities to administer relief received impetus from the National Economy League. The League demanded cooperation by the Federal, State and local Governments to reduce costs and balance the national budget.

"Leave the handling of relief to the neighbors," said Henry H. Curran, League Director. "They know who needs the money and who doesn't."

Press Comment—But the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.) ridicules the League's contention that "such a program will save the Federal Government nearly $2,500,000,000 a year and will not add to the financial burden for relief which States and localities are now carrying."

"This," says *The Sun*, "sounds almost miraculous. In effect, it says we shall continue to feed and clothe our unemployed, but the Federal Government will save two and a half billions and the States won't spend any more than they are spending now!"

A canvass of the New Jersey papers shows them divided on the State relief situation. To the Atlantic City *Press* (Ind.) "it is the culmination of five years of procrastination."

While the Passaic *Herald-News* (Ind.) thinks that a revised sales tax should be adopted to raise the needed funds, the Newark *Call* (Ind.) holds that "the imposition of new taxes would be a serious mistake."

TENDER OF LIBERTY Puerto Ricans Offered Chance to Vote on Becoming Independent

"Put up or shut up" would be inelegant language indeed for the polished, shrewdly-humorous Senator Millard E. Tydings. That was the precise meaning, nevertheless, of a bill the Maryland Senator fired last week at rebellious "little brown brothers" in Puerto Rico.

© Underwood

Senator Millard E. Tydings: What he meant was "Put up or shut up"

© International

Pedro Albizu Campos: "Kill, burn, destroy"

If the bill passes, Puerto Ricans must vote on this question: "Shall the people of Puerto Rico be sovereign and independent?"

If the majority vote yes, the Island will have just four years to learn to govern itself.

Then the United States will leave its palm-fringed shores for good.

Columbus was the first white man to sight the Island.

He came upon its foaming coral-reefs on his second trip in 1493, and claimed it for Spain.

Scene of Fighting—The 400-year history of Spanish rule was turbulent.

Attacks by French, Dutch, and pirates compelled the building of the vast fort, Morro Castle.

Then came the brief Spanish-American War in 1898, after which America, coining the phrase "manifest destiny," took over the Island.

Under the United States, Puerto Rico developed into a land of large absentee-owned estates, with two great crops, sugar and tobacco, on its 2,198,400 acres (two-thirds the size of Connecticut).

Trade was good. But a favorable trade balance did not make the natives prosperous.

Wide Destitution—Even a casual visitor can not overlook the spectacle of poverty throughout the Island.

Leader of the fight for independence since 1930 has been Pedro Albizu Campos, fiery-tongued, Hindu-like mulatto who was once an honor man at Harvard. His movement was climaxed February 23, when two of the Party members shot the unarmed Col. E. Francis Riggs in cold blood on his way home from mass.

Press Opinions—The proposal may be advocated on the ground that they have a moral right to express their preference in the matter.

But independence as a solution of the real Puerto Rican problem—economic—has nothing to commend it.—*New York Times*.

For the first time since Puerto Rico became American territory 38 years ago the promise of an independent republic seems to many hitherto skeptics to be in process of realization.—W. F. O'Reilly, United Press writer.

ROOSEVELT'S GOAL Can He Get Reluctant Business to Go Along With Him?

Last Sunday night a sleek Packard hummed eighty miles through the rain from New York to Hyde Park, wheeled into the gravel-drive of a patrician Dutchess County estate. Out stepped the President of the United States. Not once had the faithful Packard skidded on the wet pavement. Had its owner, on his long journey from March, 1933, to April, 1936?

The night before, addressing the nation at the Jefferson Day Dinner in the Hotel Commodore, Mr. Roosevelt gave every indication that he is about to "step on the gas" again, slippery going or no. He strongly intimated, too, that he would re-forge two chains that broke on their weakest links—AAA and NRA—and with them lash reluctant business to his chariot, carrying it along with him to "the new America."

The echo of that speech burst in one crescendo wail from all his foemen. None disagreed with its avowed aims—raising industry's wages and maintaining farm income. Almost all disagreed violently as to methods.

Press Reaction—He still "blithely puts the cart before the horse," cries the New York *Herald Tribune*, finding it ironical that "Roosevelt chose Jefferson Day to brandish the strong arm of Government."

"The Administration is proceeding backward," the Washington *Post* agrees, observing that "seemingly Mr. Roosevelt really believes that higher wages for workers and more income for farmers are a cause, and not a consequence, of increased national wealth."

The speech demonstrated, says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "that the President still cherishes enmity toward business." "The whole tenor is one of confidence and determination," disagrees the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, rejoicing in his "unexpectedness."

French Example—In the May *Harper's Magazine* Marquis W. Childs marvels that disagreement with Roosevelt has grown to positive and consuming hate, particularly among the wealthy. Remarking that he has fattened the purses of those who now defame him, Mr. Childs calls up from history the Bourbons' Turgot, "who tried to restore some order and reason to the France of Louis XIV" by restricting "monopoly privileges" and trying to "ameliorate the lot of the *petit bourgeois* and the long-suffering peasants.

"For all his wisdom," the writer notes, "M. Turgot lasted only a little more than two years. The rich were outraged."

More than three years ago, in the same magazine, Elmer Davis sketched handwriting from the wall. "I do not believe the patient is going to die," he wrote, "even if Doctor Roosevelt fails to cure him; but he might become a permanent semiinvalid. If he (Roosevelt) knows how to realize aspirations, he may go down in history as the third founder of the Republic. But if he is no more than a smooth politician who was swept in on a wave of discontent. . . ."

Mr. Childs, expanding the Turgot parallel, concludes: "And here, perhaps, is a happy exemplar for Mr. Roosevelt. Turgot retired to his country estate."

LANDON SLIP Kansan Meets Set-Back in Selection of Republican Key-Noter

"The dog with a bone always is in danger; Landon for the moment has the bone."

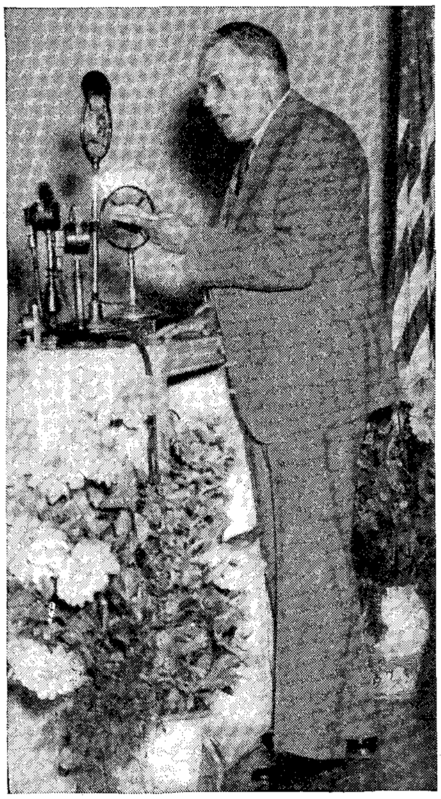
Thus, tersely, William Allen White, phrase-making Kansas editor, described the current predicament of the man he feels could lead the Republicans to victory over Roosevelt next fall.

Up to last week affable Alf Landon's newspaper-man mentors had been content to let their oil-man Governor squat sociably beside the Kaw, attending to his pay-as-you-go administration of the Sunflower State. There, while other aspirants fought running primary battles around the country, the bespectacled Kansan shyly welcomed the Republican prophets who beat a six-lane path to the door of his three-story frame Executive Mansion.

Delighted by the results, and feeling that their man was running away from Knox, Borah, and lesser rivals, the Kansas *camarilla* felt powerful enough to test its strength in the Committee on Arrangements, meeting in Cleveland's swanky Terminal Club to pick a Temporary Chairman for its Convention there in June.

Selections Made—Generally, the candidate who names the Temporary Chairman is top dog. Landon's camp picked C. Wayland Brooks, chunky candidate for Governor of Illinois. The Committee chose Senator Frederick C. Steiwer of Oregon, then gave the Permanent Chairmanship to Representative Bertrand H. Snell of New York, aggressive House Whip. The bone slipped a bit in the Kansan's teeth; not dangerously, but just enough to show that there were hungry rivals for it.

It slipped again, later in the week, when Senator Borah bruskly rejected a sly bid from Editor White to help the Landonites draft the Party platform. "Not interested in any deals," the Idahoan spluttered. "Amen!" said Mr. White, who professed to be pleased rather than disappointed.



Keystone

Senator Frederick C. Steiwer . . . handsome head, broad shoulders, polished gestures

Meanwhile Governor Landon said he was "happy" over the selection of Senator Steiwer. The Salt Lake City (Utah) *Telegram* thinks he ought to be. The Portland *Oregonian* says friends of Mr. Steiwer "know of no prejudice or preferment entertained by him regarding candidates." J. Fred Essary, the Baltimore *Sun's* Washington man, finds the whole business "a defeat for Landon."

Despite *The Oregonian's* assurances, Mr. Steiwer is expected to vote for Borah on the first ballots. But Party leaders believe he is sufficiently middle-of-the-road to go along with any candidate. He has been labeled a fundamentalist, but he voted for NRA, AAA, and other New Deal alphabetisms. On the other hand, he voted against the $5,000,000,000 work-relief bill and the last Roosevelt tax measure.

Qualifications—He was born in Oregon and reared amongst its fertile fruit-trees—a point for the agrarian West. But he has been a successful city lawyer for years—point for the industrial East. East and West can agree that his rapid-fire diction, clear, full voice and polished gestures make him a commanding orator.

By contrast, business man Bertrand Snell is a chum of the Eastern Old Guard leaders who, temporarily allied with other factions in a wary stop-Landon movement, picked Steiwer over Brooks.

Newspaper editors are scrutinizing Mr. Steiwer, paying relatively scant attention to Mr. Snell, or to the cut-and-dried Democratic choices: for key-noter, Senator Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky; for Permanent Chairman, Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, Al Smith's one-time running-mate.

One Steiwer accomplishment recommends him particularly for the key-noter's job: As a student at Oregon State College he led the band. Republicans hope that he will find it possible to extract harmony from what is now discord.

LOOK AHEAD In 1942 Oldsters May Begin to Collect Old-Age Pensions

One bright morning in May, 1896, *John Jones* of Boston, twenty-five years old, set aside $6 as his first monthly contribution toward old-age insurance. The $6 was 3 per cent. on his annual income of $2,400.

Last week this same *John Jones*, sixty-five, received from his boss a check for $10,000—a tidy bulwark against poverty. Especially tidy in view of the fact that his contributions toward the check had amounted to $72 yearly, or a total of $2,880, over the forty-year period. Contributions of his employer, matching his own, and interest, had added the rest.

Since old-age benefits were non-existent in this country in 1896, the above story is apocryphal. But it will be a common enough tale in 1966, provided no drastic changes are made in the structure of the Social Security Act as it emerged with President Roosevelt's signature last August.

The Act had four main divisions: (1) old-age assistance — cash payments to needy aged who are sixty-five or older; (2) old-age benefits—a compulsory system of old-age insurance intended to provide pensions after 1942 for all workers in industry who reach sixty-five, with the tax for the maintenance of the system being paid by both employers and employees; (3) unemployment insurance—States are encouraged individually to set up unemployment insurance plans, each State being free to determine its own type of unemployment insurance; (4) other benefit grants—to all States for the care of dependent children, the blind, and for the maintenance of public-health services.

Keystone

Senator Robert F. Wagner: his bill became the butt of controversy

From the moment Senator Robert F. Wagner introduced in the Senate the measure which was to become the Social Security Act, it became the butt of controversy. It had not gone far enough: unemployment insurance should have been compulsory, with no contributions by employees. It had gone too far: the $1,000,000,000 a year tax burden it entailed was unbearable; the $30,000,000,000 reserve pool it created would fall a prey to politics.

Last week President Roosevelt asked Congress for $460,800,000 which was to be turned over to the Social Security Board. Specific allotments were earmarked for old-age assistance, aid to dependent children and the blind, and expenses of the Board.

Who'll Get It—Only those States which have set up old-age or unemployment pension-plans approved by the Board will receive any part of the appropriation. Thirty States and the District of Columbia come under this heading.

Two days after the President made his request, John G. Winant, Chairman of the Social Security Board, journeyed from Washington to New York to speak before the American Association for Social Security, and to defend his entire program.

"We recognize that security is relative," he said. "We are not asking to strip life of its challenge. We want to lift it from the hazards of enforced idleness, and man's last years from the pit of poverty."

Topics in Brief

"No problem was ever solved by a wisecrack," wisecracked a United States Senator.—*Providence News-Journal.*

The Republican problem is how to get what Mr. Borah has without giving him anything he wants.—*American Lumberman.*

The problem of what to do with former Presidents has often troubled the United States—but not Mexico.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

France is having about as much luck with the stop-Hitler movement as Talmadge is with the stop-Roosevelt program. —*Wichita Eagle.*

A Fire department in Iowa maintains a band made up exclusively of saxophones. This technique of blowing them out must be new.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Our fiscal structure is standing up very well. A Cleveland answers editor tells an inquirer that a half-dime dated 1851 is still worth five cents.—*Detroit News.*

Wailing is a sign of joy among natives of the Bay of Bengal, we are told. In this country it indicates a Republican candidate.—*Providence News-Tribune.*

We knew all along that some catch would appear in this soil-conservation scheme. Now it is demanded that the farmer draw a map of his farm.—*Topeka State Journal.*

Captain Eden says that Great Britain can't fight off Hitler unless the United States will help, which makes it look pretty good for Hitler.—*Portland (Me.) Express.*

Only married men will be allowed to vote in Germany in the future. The Government wants only the "yes men."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"Mr. Hoover had rather be wrong than President," asserts a writer. Mr. Hoover ought to be perfectly satisfied, then.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*

Thieves broke into Long Island Public Libraries, but took no books—perhaps the severest literary criticism since Mencken left *The Mercury.*—*Barron's.*

Now we know what happens to little boys and girls who never learn their lessons. They grow up and become uninstructed delegates.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

President Roosevelt pitched the first ball at the Washington game. That was one the United States Supreme Court could not call against him.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

In spite of opposition, the WPA still carries on with that Valley Forge play. Valley Forge, you will remember, was also a triumph of determination over cold feet.—*Boston Herald.*

No, no, no! That is not static you hear these nights when you've got your radio turned on. That's the Republicans laughing as they listen to the Democrats kick each other in the pants.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A humorous town character in Milan has been asked to stop resembling Mussolini. A smile, in the circumstances, will go a long, long way.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

If dispatches are to be credited the Ethiopian Army certainly has given the people of Ethiopia a run for their money.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

In the coming campaign the Democrats with their college professors and the Republicans with theirs, are evidently out to use all their faculties.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

One of the gloomier soothsayers says politics will never be taken out of relief, but we don't see why. After 1,000 years, Cornell deodorized the cabbage.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

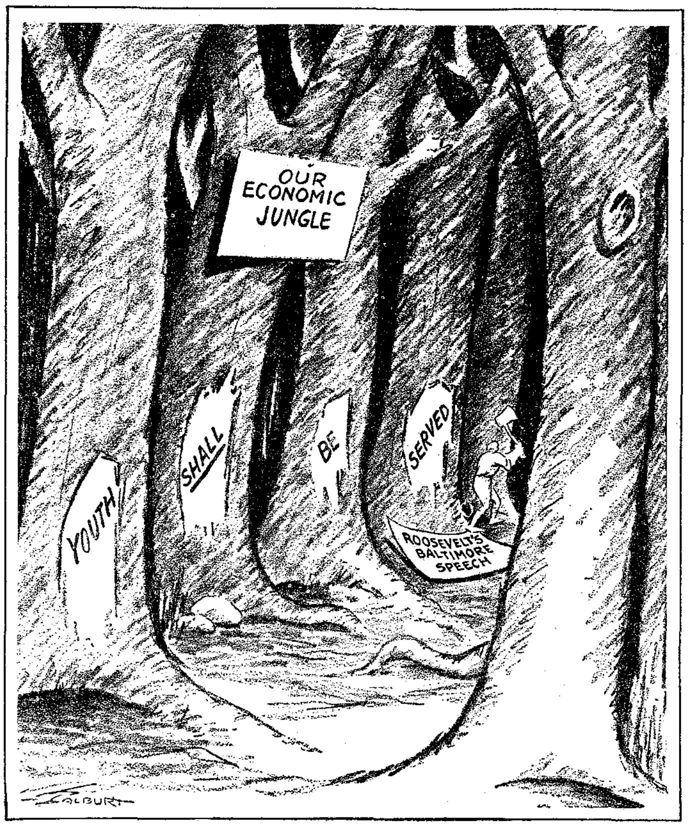
There is something suspicious about the willingness of Congress to sit through May. It may be that the Congressmen are in no hurry to meet the home folks—*Troy Record.*

Harry L. Hopkins says there is no politics in relief. Oh, well, for the next six months there'll be mighty little relief in politics, either.—*Boston Herald.*

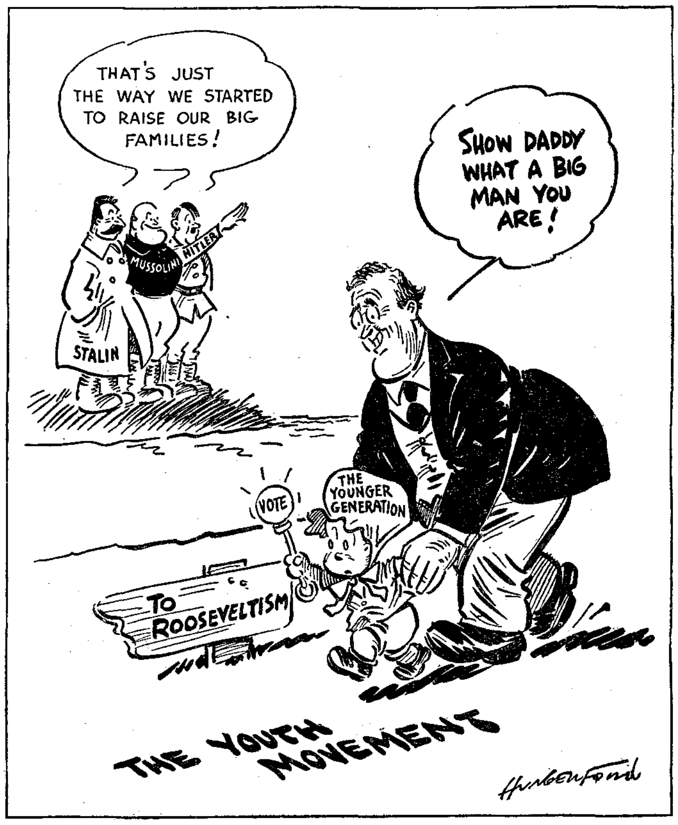
An Illinois professor says the time is coming when girls will take the initiative in marriage proposals. Yes, sir, and we wager that some time there'll be machines that will freeze water into ice.—*Kansas City Star.*

Wit inspires wit. Presented with a petition from the University of Iowa Veterans of Future Wars for preference in State jobs, Governor Herring filed the petition for reference to "future Governors."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mr. Townsend probably is justly resentful that his claims aren't being accepted as those of other politicians. Nobody ever stopped to figure how many chickens it would take to make one in every pot.—*Boston Transcript.*



BLAZING THE TRAIL!
—Talburt in the New York "World-Telegram"


THAT'S JUST THE WAY WE STARTED TO RAISE OUR BIG FAMILIES!
SHOW DADDY WHAT A BIG MAN YOU ARE!
MUSSOLINI
HITLER
STALIN
VOTE
THE YOUNGER GENERATION
TO ROOSEVELTISM
THE YOUTH MOVEMENT
Hungerford

THE FIRST STEPS OF THE CAMPAIGN
—Hungerford in the Toledo "Blade"

Foreign Comment

ELECTIONS LEAVE FRANCE STILL STORMY

Left Gains in Polling, But Without Clear Governing Majority

LA TRAGEDIE DE LA MINE
CENTRE DE PROPAGANDE
DES REPUBLICAINS NATIO
Gd RESTAURANT à Prix Fixe
Repas 6f
LES ELECTIONS APPROCHENT

Keystone

"Les élections approchent" . . . and France's voters study the candidates' posters

French politicians rummaged in their closets last week to unearth their shabbiest coats and their shiniest trousers. Thus arrayed, they left their limousines at home and arrived at meeting places in hired rattletraps.

For last Sunday was election day in France, with 4,807 candidates engaged in a mad scramble for 615 seats in the Chamber of Deputies; and Frenchmen well know that the illusion of honest poverty has always been an effective vote-getter.

Leaps at Air—The Government offered all eighteen Parties a crack at the State radio; and all leaped at the chance. Likewise dispensed at government cost were posters of impassioned appeal and hair-raising admonitions.

The extreme Left plastered the town with a maniacal caricature of Hitler, holding a bloody knife in his teeth. "Against this," read the legend, "vote Communist!"

The Right countered with a cartoon of a sinister Bolshevik, behind the turrets of Moscow, manipulating puppet candidates of the Left bloc. "The Soviets pull the strings of the Popular Front," shrieked the caption.

During the night opponents mutilated one another's posters with illegal *papillons* ("butterflies" or stickers), proclaiming: "This is a lie!"

When, late Sunday, first returns from France's ten million male voters—women are still disfranchised—were counted, it was found that the country had moved Leftward, giving roughly two million votes to the Socialist ticket, two million more to the Radical ticket, and one million to the Communists.

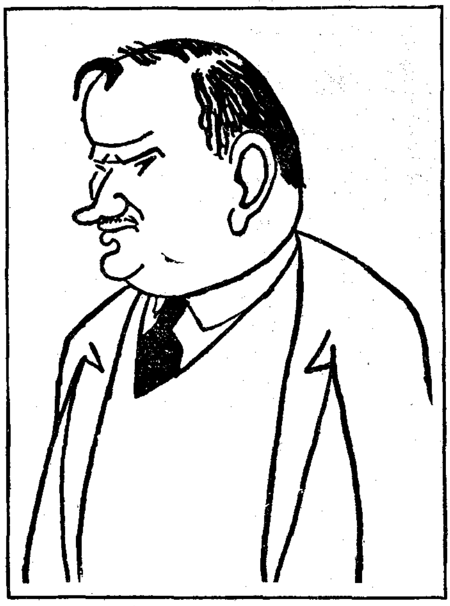
Tho they captured half the electorate, and would provide the bulk of the Cabinet, the three major Parties of the Popular Front still had no clear governing majority in the Chamber.

This means that French politics will continue as stormy as ever and its Cabinets just as short-lived. Since 1932, eleven of them rose and fell. Especially after 1933, when the Stavisky pawn-shop scandal plopped like a landslide into the political pond, ministers came and went with bewildering frequency.

Alexandre Stavisky was a super-Ponzi who, after defrauding investors of $10,000,000 with spurious bonds issued on a municipally-owned pawn-shop, killed himself, or—as rumor relates—was put out of the way to shield officials involved in the swindle.

When the news leaked, Parisians rose in arms. Twenty perished in street riots. The Government was turned out, men in high places were brought to trial, and a judge was mysteriously assassinated.

Riding a wave of indignation against implicated Radical Socialist Ministers, Col. François Casimir de la Rocque, lean and hawk-eyed, scurried around the country, whipping into shape his Fascist *Croix de Feu cadres.*



From *La Liberté* (Paris)

Edouard Daladier, Radical Socialist leader who helped form the Popular Front

Thereafter, both Right and Left laid in weapons, took to target-practise, and rarely met on the streets without leaving a wake of riddled Frenchmen behind.

Alarmed at the prospect of a Fascist coup, Left Wingers under Edouard Daladier, broad-shouldered Radical Socialist, and Leon Blum, veteran, schoolteachery Socialist, moved together with the Communists into the Popular Front.

Taking advantage of a Fascist assault last winter on Blum, they rammed through laws disbanding their enemies.

Rioting—Last week, Colonel de la Rocque, his *cadres* dwindling, remained inconspicuous. His followers indulged in a few small riots; and he himself bobbed up in a surprize eleventh-hour radio speech, urging his men to vote against the Communists.

Jeers—Jeering at the Communists' strangely mild slogan of "Peace, Freedom, Bread," the Royalist *Action Francaise* said: "The Communists have become anti-Communist. They hail property. They answer for order."

The red *Humanite,* in turn, ridiculed the loose bonds which held the scattered Right Wing forces together: "Furious inability masks the profound differences of the reactionaries."

The Left itself, however, is none too firmly held together; and when the new Legislature convenes on June 2, it is predicted that its constituent units will once more be at loggerheads.

Run-Off Polling—Bolstered by last week's vote, they predicted even greater Left victories in the run-off elections of May 3. A second balloting will then take place in those communities where, owing to the plethora of Parties, no one candidate polled more than half the total vote.

Across the English Channel, Britons wait anxiously for final results.

"For Europe," said the London *Times,* "the important thing is that the elections should give France a stable Government able to play its part in European politics without being unduly distracted . . . by internal preoccupations."

ROYAL FOX King of Kings and Italian Armies in Game of Hide and Seek

On the 2,689th anniversary of Rome's foundation, last week, Premier Mussolini stood completely foxed by little melancholy-eyed Haile Selassie of Ethiopia.

Confidently Il Duce had counted upon announcing the fall of Addis Ababa and possibly the Emperor's abdication on the anniversary.

As the celebration drew near and neither event appeared likely, Mussolini frantically queried his staff in Ethiopia for explanations. The best Marshal Pietro Badoglio could report was that his armies still were miles and miles away from the capital, that even the whereabouts of the Emperor were, in fact, unknown.

Since the fall of Dessye, his northern headquarters, Haile Selassie has been playing hide and seek with the Italian dictator. On several occasions he was reported in flight, in hiding, ready to surrender.

Last week such reports gained in volume

Keystone

Ras Nasibu, called "the most competent man in Ethiopia after Haile Selassie"

and mystery and Il Duce scratched his head in bewilderment.

Wide Mystification—Reported Herbert L. Matthews to the New York *Times* from Dessye:

"There are all sorts of rumors that he [Haile Selassie] has been killed or is hiding, but the plain truth is no one in Italian quarters knows where he is or even if he is still alive."

Reported G. L. Steer to the New York *Times* from Addis Ababa:

"Indeed, for the first time since the war began the Ethiopian Government has been really successful in concealing the whereabouts of the Emperor, which has always been a principle of Ethiopian strategy."

Rome topped a series of fantastic rumors about the harassed little ruler by placing him in a monastery praying for guidance.

Duped Warriors—In Ethiopia it circulated photographs among Galla tribesmen purportedly showing the King of Kings dead. Finding themselves duped, the fierce warriors, who had gone over to the enemy, promptly rejoined their buffeted countrymen.

From Grasse, France, it was reported the Emperor was negotiating for a villa, ostensibly for his four children.

From Paris, Rene Drouillet, French aviator, hopped off for Addis Ababa in a $15,000 American air-plane which he will turn over to the Emperor.

Over Addis Ababa during the week Italian planes sought out the royal fugitive. In the streets below panic reigned as the Italian army was rumored nearing.

Prince as Defender—Crown Prince Asfao Wosan, timid, bright-eyed, scurried into the city from Dessye, just abandoned to the invaders. Tho Haile Selassie is known to have no faith in his amiable but incompetent heir, he ordered the youth to take over the defense of the Capital.

To inspire confidence, the Crown Prince and his beautiful sister drove through the streets every day in an American auto emblazoned with the yellow Ethiopian crown.

Cornelius Van H. Engert, broad-cheeked American Minister, likewise lent himself to placating the harried populace.

"I am playing polo three times a week," he announced to the fifty-five Americans in Addis Ababa.

Between conquered Dessye and the Capital, natives blasted huge gaps in the winding Imperial Road.

Hidden by mist and rain from enemy bombers, the Emperor's warriors and their one ally—mountainous Nature—interrupted the victorious Italian advance about fifty miles from Dessye.

From the River Giana Gobo, the southern tip of the Italian wedge across Ethiopia, Gen. Rodolfo Graziani reported a victory over Ras Nasibu, the most competent man in the kingdom after Haile Selassie.

Retreat Admitted—The tall, clean-featured Ethiopian admitted that his men had been obliged to retreat. News of Graziani's victory, however, proved disappointing in Italy. It placed him 250 miles from Harar, which rumor said had already fallen.

With such a hollow triumph to record, Premier Mussolini throttled down his plans in celebration of the day, 2,689 years ago, when Romulus etched Rome's outlines with an antique plow.

He hied himself to the reclaimed Pontine Marshes outside the Capital, boarded a tractor, and cut the boundaries for the town of Aprilia, rising near Littoria, Sabaudia, and Pontinia, already built.

Keystone

Cornelius Van H. Engert, American Minister to Ethiopia, still plays polo three days a week

His task done, Il Duce turned a beaming face upon a throng of gaily-dressed peasants:

"To-day is the 160th day of the economic siege which has meant disorder and misery in the world. To-day's foundation is new proof of the fact that our will is methodical, tenacious, and indomitable."

COLONIAL DRIVE German Pressure Revives Problem for European Powers

For twenty years of his life, dapper little Albert Heinrich Schnee divided his time among mountain climbing, playing the piano, and governing various of Kaiser Wilhelm's four colonies in Africa and six island groups in the Pacific.

These colonies, comprising 1,140,117 square miles, with a population of 13,258,000, never paid for themselves. But Schnee, as well as his Kaiser, always hoped that they would some day develop into rich markets and richer bins for raw material.

The World War shattered Germany's colonial empire.

Unceasing Campaign—Like many another in post-War Germany, Schnee never ceased looking back upon these lost possessions with yearning. As far back as 1920 he aided in founding the German Colonial Society; but only with the advent of Hitler was this fanned into clamorous life.

Last winter, watching Ethiopia vanish down Italy's gullet, Doctor Schnee, as well as other shrewd Nazis, asked, "If Italy can do it, why not Germany?"

Ever since, Doctor Schnee has been drumming one idea:

"Germany must get her colonies back."

Last week Doctor Schnee had his big inning. In a score of German cities, good Nazis crowded into halls to celebrate "Colonial Memorial Day." The occasion was the fifty-second anniversary of Germany's protectorate over Southwest Africa, which inaugurated her colonial empire.

"Other countries will learn to appreciate," he proclaimed, "that peace is the aim of the German people—that is, peace on the basis of equality. This equality includes equality in the colonial realm."

Wide Repercussions—Britons across the Channel, and Frenchmen across the Rhine pricked up their ears. They recalled that, last month, Chancellor Hitler had talked of reentering the League of Nations, except that "within a reasonable time, the question of colonial equality will be cleared up."

Hence, late last week, at French behest, Anthony Eden, England's bland young Foreign Secretary, drafted a note asking Chancellor Hitler what he meant by "colonial equality."

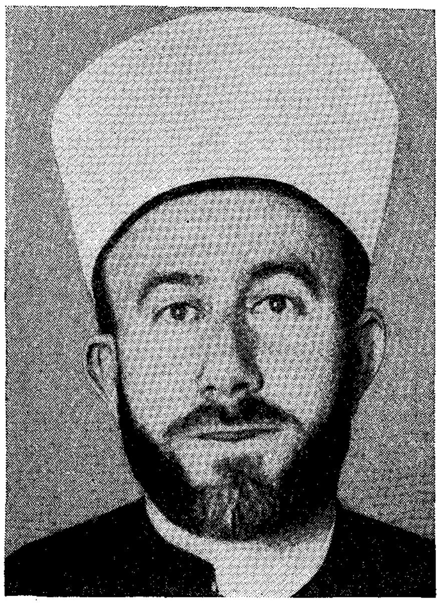
Open-eyed Britons, however, surmised that, in exchange for peace in Europe, Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin was prepared to throw to Germany a hunk of Africa as a sop.

No such generosity was felt by Frenchmen. The Cameroons, snapped Louis Truitard of the French Ministry of Colonies, would never be returned, because it was impossible to "expose the natives" to a "German racial régime."

RIOTOUS PALESTINE Britain Tries to Calm Clashes Between Arabs and Jews

Next to Egypt, which it borders, Palestine occupied the most strategic position on the Asiatic rim of the Mediterranean sea.

A mandated territory, it is a vital link in the British Empire—within an hour's flying time of the Suez Canal by the speedy new bombers.



Pictures, Inc.

Arabian leader: Hajj Amin El Husseini

Haifa, its hustling northern seaport, is a fueling station for British war-ships. With Italy's threat to Malta's naval importance, it is reportedly being fortified.

Westward, Palestine and its dependent buffer State of Transjordan provide a continuous overland and air-route to the British-controlled oil-fields of Irak and Iran.

Palestine is a melting-pot of Jews, Moslems, and Christians, boiling hotter by the year because the human welter refuses to melt.

Last week it boiled to the brim and spilled over on the administrative calm of Lt.-Gen. Sir Arthur Grenfell Wauchope, the bachelor British High Commissioner there since 1931.

Arab Outbreaks—Moslem Arabs, enraged at the growing power of the augmented Jewish population, went berserk with scimitar and torch in Jaffa, the all-Jewish city of Tel Aviv, Nablus, and other places.

Before Sir Arthur's mounted and foot police got things under control more than thirty persons lay dead, most of them Jews.

High Arab leaders then climbed the hill to Sir Arthur's terraced villa overlooking Jerusalem and plunked down their complaints at his doorstep.

A military man taking his premier shot at civil administration, Sir Arthur knows his country from Dan to Beersheba. In Mesopotamia during the War he commanded a battalion of the Black Watch, emerging with ugly wounds, medals galore, and an undimmed romantic outlook.

Dressed in his habitual gray, the High Commissioner received his visitors, and promptly sluiced their hot tempers with cooling drinks and tasty sweetmeats.

The truth was, the Arabs complained, Britain had failed to comply with their demands—namely, prohibition of sale of land to Jews and cessation of further Jewish immigration.

Official Advice—That, Sir Arthur beamed kindly, was a matter of major Empire policy which must go before the Home Government. He thereupon urged them to send a delegation of protestants to the Colonial Office in London. In so doing the High Commissioner deftly passed on to more agile hands an imperial headache which has throbbed and pulsated since 1922.

Britain sliced Palestine from the old Ottoman Empire in 1917-'18 through the sword of Lord Allenby. Balfour definitely tied the sun-baked Holy Land Mandate to the Empire's apron-strings by his famous declaration of 1917. He pledged Britain to establish "a national homeland for the Jewish people."

To clinch this trusteeship, the League of Nations gave Britain a mandate over the territory in 1922. At that time Palestine had an area of 10,000 square miles—the size approximately of Vermont. It had, spread over the breeze-swept seacoast and the sandy hinterlands, 757,000 inhabitants. Of these 600,000 were Moslems, 74,000 Christians, and 83,000 Jews.

Zionism and the earthquake of War and persecution sent Jews pouring into the new promised land. In 1934 the population had jumped to 1,171,000. Last December it was announced that there were 375,000 Jews in Palestine.

Last month Sir Arthur Wauchope announced that, thanks to the influx of 1935, which amounted to 61,541 Jews alone, Palestine had been enriched by $75,000,000 in fresh capital. There was, in consequence, a $25,000,000 surplus in the treasury.

Storm-Centers — Burnoose-hooded Arabs took these figures to their bazaars and whipped themselves into fury at thought of a future Palestine ruled by a Jewish majority. The froth of the bazaars soon swept to the streets and bubbled up over the walls of Jewish quarters in last week's rampage of fire and assassination.

For months the nationalist Arab press had clamored for complete independence from Britain, spurred by disaffection in neighboring regions. In Egypt Italian propaganda against British rule had roused radical Wafds into forcing a return of the nominally independent nation's suspended Constitution. Syrian Nationalists rekindled fires of revolt and got a promise of more liberal government.

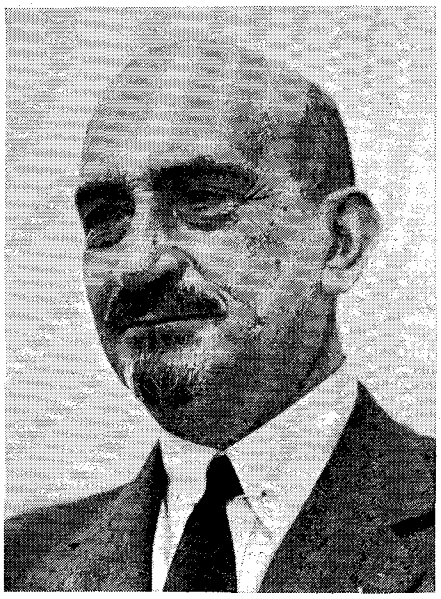
Palestine Arabs were further incensed last week when the Government suspended two Nationalist dailies—*Al-Jamia* and *Al-Islamia*—for publishing inflammatory articles. The Grand Mufti refused to comment, but Jamal Husseini, President of the Palestine Arab Party, summed up the situation:

"All commissions of inquiry on Palestine's troubles found that the disturbances resulted from the Zionist policy (being) indorsed as mandatory. The disturbances will be repeated until the problem is settled on a basis of equality and fair play.

"Recent parliamentary discussions puffed up the Jews, filled the Arabs with a grudge. The slightest provocation caused brigandage, which has been continuous since British occupation, made Jews at Tel Aviv attack Arabs, leading to an outbreak."

But Dr. Chaim Weizmann, President of the Jewish Agency, made it clear that the Jews would participate in the proposed Council only if the main lines of Zionist policy were continued. His Party, he said, would further ask that Transjordan be opened to Jewish immigration.

Press Views—"This is not the time for the casting of blame," says an editorial in *The New Palestine,* official organ of the Zionist Organization in New York. "But the occasion can not be passed without pointing out that the continued policy of the Mandatory Government of constantly seeking to win Arab favor through concession, the constant slighting of the Jewish cause in order to accommodate Arab prejudice, the constant refusal of the Government to assert . . . the Jewish right inevitably leads . . . to race and national hatred, and that riot and murder inevitably follow."



© International

Jewish leader: Dr. Chaim Weizmann

"The Nationalist spirit among the Arabs in Palestine is rampant," writes *Al-Hoda,* New York Arabic daily, "especially after the recent success in Syria and Egypt. From our view-point Palestine is an integral part of southern Syria, and the Palestinians would have a lot to gain by joining the Syrian independence movement. The recent riots in Palestine represent the eternal blood feud of races in the East."

"SPANISH LENIN" Largo Caballero Fighting Azana as Nation's "Kerensky"

Before death closed in on his revolutionary career in 1924, Nikolai Lenin cast an eye over the map of Europe, stopped short at Spain, and remarked:

"There will be the next Communist State of the world!"

Alfonso XIII sat solidly on his Bourbon throne. Behind him, equally as solid, Primo de Rivera, iron-fisted Dictator, pulled the royal strings that made 23,000,000 people dance to his decrees.

Last week, the King was in exile: the Dictator was long dead.

Spain had run the gamut of Right and Left politics; finally had come face to face

Wide World

"We demand immediate redistribution of the land": A group of Communists in Madrid, Spain, expresses its views of the political situation

with the stark fact that Lenin's remark was challengingly prophetic.

Last February 16 the country voted Left and kicked out a reactionary Right Government that had ruled for nearly two years. Socialists started a reign of terror.

From February 16 to April 2 alone seventy-four persons were killed, 355 wounded. Fifty-six churches were burned to the ground, 106 others damaged by fire.

President Zamora was ousted as too conservative, and radicals stumped the nation, demanding "complete revolution."

Strikes and minor disorders spread throughout the land. Peasants clumped restlessly about village streets. Civil Guards patrolled on horseback.

Arrests Made—Fascists were rounded up and dumped into prison.

If Spain was going Bolshevik, was all this a "Kerensky period"?

Spaniards asked themselves this question and then sought to answer it by drawing upon history.

Spain, like Russia, is largely agricultural. Poor, city workers have common cause with peasants. Military prestige is at a low ebb. Economic conditions are bad. Reactionary classes cling to money and power.

Alexander Kerensky, taking over the Russian provisional reins in July, 1917, found such a state of affairs. So did Premier Manuel Azaña in Spain, forming a Cabinet after the Popular Front Victory in February. Kerensky lasted five months, giving in to Lenin's Bolsheviks.

Last week, on the eve of an election to pick a successor to Zamora, Spaniards wondered whether Azaña would last as long.

With Zamora out, Manuel Azaña is, at fifty-four, the outstanding figure of the Republic.

Politically a Left Republican, he is in reality an undiluted *bourgeois,* sitting on the fulcrum of a lever which holds a delicate balance between Right and Left.

Monastery-Trained—Bald, pasty-faced, corpulent, Azaña was brought up in the famous El Escorial Monastery, which prepared him for a life far removed from the sordid realities of proletarian politics.

Ease and literature were his meat, and he rapidly pounded out hit plays, three novels, a biography of his youth entitled "The Garden of the Monks"—one of the gems of the Spanish language.

A pillar of integrity, Azaña took to politics like a toreador after a bull, and his high qualities were commented upon. He helped foster the Second Republic, was its first Premier in 1931, its man of destiny ever since.

Azaña denies he has dictatorial ambitions. But he tells newspaper men: "The only person whose views are always correct is Azaña. When all Spain will consist of Azañaites, everything will work well."

In Spain there is one man who is strong enough to disagree with him. He is Largo Caballero, sixty-six, plump ex-plasterer.

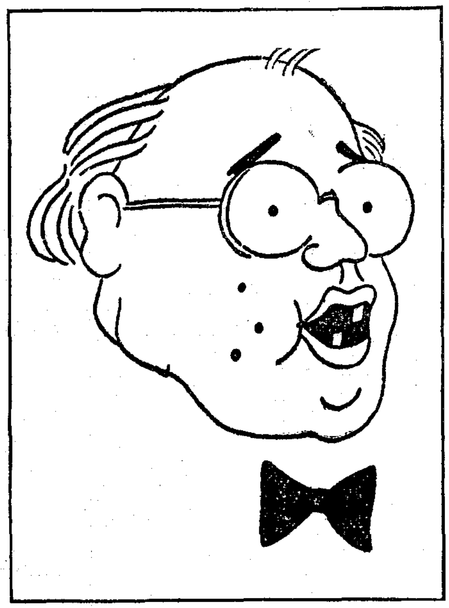
Caballero heads the Socialist Party, which enabled the Left Republican forces to win the Popular Front victory in February.

Biding His Time—Privately, he calls himself the Spanish Lenin and Azaña the Spanish Kerensky. He thinks his time may come in two years, maybe not before five. He is certain it will come, nevertheless.

Caballero has been blamed for Spain's madcap reign for the last two months. He claims his ranks are gaining rapidly.

Spain may possibly know on May 17 to what extent he is right. On that day it will pick the second President of its Second Republic.

Azaña has been keeping his candidacy in the dark. If he runs and wins, he is sure to stay where he is in the middle. Most Spaniards are afraid to think what will happen if he does neither.



From L'Humanite (Paris)

Spain's Premier: Manuel Azaña, political hope of the Left and Center parties

Representative Madrid newspapers said:

The Monarchist *A.B.C.:* "Voters will vote not knowing the official candidates of the government Parties."

The Republican *El Sol:* "Voters should know in advance for whom they are voting."

The Clerical and Conservative *El Debate:* "The election of a Socialist candidate would signify possibly Communism."

The Communist *Mundo Obrero:* "The Popular Front must win the elections to guarantee that the popular will is not betrayed in future."

TEA TO COLORS Rise in Tax Proposed to Help Finance British Defense Program

Tea wakens Englishmen in the morning. In the afternoon, the nation of shopkeepers lays off for a cup of dark brew. With bread and jam, it provides uncounted repasts for 1,677,000 on the dole. Every year nearly a half billion pounds of it are brewed to pour down British gullets.

Yet Neville Chamberlain, the "somberly immaculate" Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced in the House of Commons last week that he would raise the tea tax to "tuppence" (four cents) a pound, a 50 per cent. increase.

"Shame!" Laborites cried. "Robbery!"

The Chancellor's lips curled contemptuously under his black mustache as he waited icily for the interruptions to die down. Then, in nasal tones, he droned out his hope of collecting $17,290,000 from the duty.

Only a drop in the $880,559,940 defense bucket. Nearly a hundred million dollars of this sum goes for supplementary expenses in the rearmament program which sprang from the war-scare. The Navy will lay down two new battle-ships and five cruisers this year; the Royal Air Force gets 250 planes. Army plans call for the enlistment of 4,000 more men, Navy 6,000.

Levy Explained—The income tax, the Chancellor revealed, will rise "thruppence" to 4 shillings, 9 pence in the pound, making the basic rate 23.75 per cent., and bringing in an additional $59,380,000. The red box from which Mr. Chamberlain pulled surpluses and tax reductions on the last two Budget Days yielded little consolation for his gloomy hearers. The exemption for family men was raised $50, to $890. For each child they may deduct $316.

The budget balanced at $3,944,003,140, including an estimated surplus of $2,390,960, against the $14,528,540 last year.

Only a few sycophantic Under-Secretaries cheered the Chancellor's hour and a half speech. Major Clement R. Attlee, Opposition Leader, jumped up with a reminder of the American debt, now $4,423,717,960. The budget, he charged hotly, "ultimately leads to war."

Le Temps, Paris, called the tax increases the bitter bill for Britain's "blind confidence in disarmament." But *The Manchester Guardian* had only praise for Chamberlain's bluntness. "It is to his credit," the Liberal daily said, "that he has begun to make us pay."

PIERCING ARCTIC Soviet Expeditions Grip Scientific Problems, Push Frontier North

Prof. Otto Yulevitch Schmidt's bushy, black beard and lean, chiseled face have long been familiar to students at the Moscow State University.

A less familiar but a more storied figure is he to shaggy-headed denizens of the sparsely-inhabited arctic northland.

Professor Schmidt is "general administrator of the Northern Sea Route," a special pet of the Soviet Government. Also he is one of the most erudite men in all Red Russia. Not the least of his accomplishments is a sixty-four volume "Soviet Encyclopedia," of which he is Editor-in-Chief.

In 1929 Professor Schmidt turned his back on his study, with its library in seven languages, and steered the ice-breaker *Sedov* to Franz Josef Land.

There, on that sprinkle of ice-glazed mountain, crouching in the frigid Kara Sea, at 80° latitude, he set up the world's northernmost meteorological station.

In 1932 he used the weather reports broadcast from this station to direct the ice-breaker *Sibiriakov* on a record-breaking two months' passage "over the roof of the world." For the first time in history a vessel completed the journey—from Arkhangelsk to the Bering Sea (see map)—in a single season before the winter ice pack hemmed it in.

Professor Schmidt's next trick was to attempt the same feat with a freight boat.

With a crew of 105, his specially-built *Cheliuskin* set out from Leningrad in the spring of 1933 on its dash to the Pacific. It never got there.

Boat Founders—Fifteen miles from open water it was swept back into the polar pack by a blizzard that roared down upon it in Bering Strait. It was crushed like a shingle against a wall of ice.

Marooned on floes when the vessel sank, the explorers were rescued with their precious meteorological data by Soviet aviators—one by one.

New expeditions, aided by new weather and air outposts, enabled Professor Schmidt and his crew to achieve their goal in 1935. With four freighters they crashed through, and linked the Atlantic and Pacific between Murmansk and Vladivostok.

Last week Professor Schmidt mapped plans to send thirty freight vessels to the northland. Ice-breakers and planes stationed along the Kara Sea, the Bering Strait and other danger points, will help them plow through.

Sovfoto

Prof. Otto Y. Schmidt, arctic trail blazer and one of Russia's most learned men

The object of this arctic trail-blazing, entrusted to Professor Schmidt, is to realize one of Dictator Joseph Stalin's fondest dreams.

Land of eternal frost, this vast domain comprises 40 per cent. of all Soviet Russia. Russia's man of steel sees it one day a second American West, with rich cattle and mining towns and throbbing seaports.

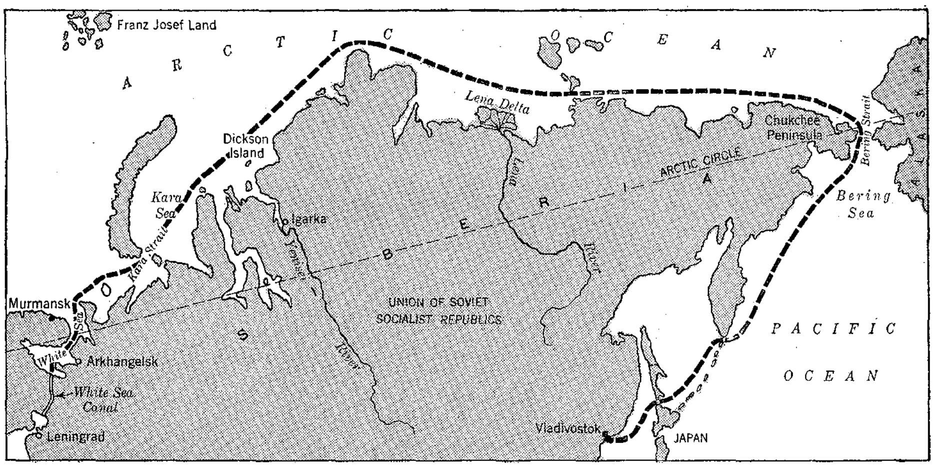
Opening up such an empire calls for two-fold operations: breaking a path and then dispatching expeditions to survey the land.

Wide-Spread Aid—Working hand in glove with Professor Schmidt's trail-blazers, therefore, are the doughty surveyors. Last week Moscow dispatched 40 men comprising forty-six expeditions, by plane and ice-breaker to pierce the Siberian waste.

They will jot down notes on wind and ocean tides, seek mineral deposits, chart air- and water-routes, map future settlements and investigate ways for increasing the Soviet supply of fish, furs, and reindeer.

The completion of this vast program may change the economic map of a large part of the world.

Thus will be speeded up the mechanization and militarization of the Far East—a process calculated to pull the check-reins on Japan's Asiatic conquest.



LITERARY DIGEST Map

Professor Schmidt's route over the top of the world, from Atlantic to Pacific

There must be no delay, and last week Professor Schmidt whipped together the outlay for his summer excursion. His thirty vessels will carry 267,000 tons of freight: gold from the Lena River, sealskins from the White Sea, lumber from the Yenisei River, ermine furs and reindeer meat from the Eskimo collectives on ice-bound Chukchee Peninsula, across from the tip of Alaska.

Next year, if Professor Schmidt has his way, the treacherous northern seas will be churned by fifty vessels, with double the 1936 freight load.

Region Settled—As a result, where once polar bears roamed and seals wriggled their flippers on frozen shores, geologists, explorers, and workers now live, study, and build. Within the last six years some 30,000 colonists have been settled.

The All Union Arctic Institute, in Moscow, recently drew up, from the findings of these explorers, a map of 273 deposits of arctic minerals. Indicated are seventy-three rich coal-veins, twenty-six gold-fields, two extensive platinum-deposits, three oil-fields, six asphalt-deposits, as well as veins of lead, nickel, iron, and copper.

Other explorers proceeded to mechanize the fishing industry.

Towns sprang up as 40,000,000 rubles were sunk into the arctic. Sea, river, and air-ports were constructed on Franz Josef Land, Dickson Island in the Kara Sea, at the mouths of the Yenisei and the Lena Rivers, and on Chukchee Peninsula (see map).

The Igarka Experimental Station, above the pine forests of the Yenisei River, tho only six years old, has already blossomed into a thriving lumber port of 15,000.

One of Igarka's most thrilling achievements has been the development of short-summer vegetables, grown in the three months of mild weather.

Construction Begun—Among the natives, mainly of Mongolian, Eskimo, and Chukchi stock, the Soviets have introduced culture in the form of "collective reindeer farms"—reindeer are bred for food and hides; veterinary depots for transport dogs; radio stations, which tribal leaders operate; movies, libraries, and even Molière's dramas, staged by traveling actors.

On the Chukchee Peninsula, for instance, some 5,240 Chukchis turn over $1,500,000 a year in ermine, arctic fox, and walrus skin trade. The Soviets have built two large fur factories, eighteen trading posts, a school in every settlement, four hospitals, and eight stations for mechanical and radio training.

This summer, of the forty-six exploring units, one will study methods for propagating Greenland seals in the White Sea; another will hunt data on the polar fox in the Chukchee Peninsula; a third will make mineral studies.

Still others will observe the complete eclipse of the sun in the arctic on June 29; revive mollusk eggs and mushroom filaments suspended for 10,000 years in polar ice; explore the Ob, Yenisei, and Lena Rivers, where great gold deposits are believed to exist; and prepare bases for a plane route from Bering Bay to Arkhangelsk.

No wonder, then, that in benediction over the first units, departing this week, Maxim Gorki, veteran Soviet writer, broadcast: "In the darkness of the polar night, the sun of human intellect now shines brightly."

TOKYO MELODRAMA Inside Story of How Japanese Premier Was Saved From Assassins

Tokyo gasped last February when former Premier Keisuke Okada, reported killed by mutinous Army officers, suddenly appeared among the living.

It gasped again last week when the May *Hinode,* a nationally circulated Japanese magazine, appeared on the streets with a sensational account of how the Premier escaped his would-be assassins by playing the rôle of a stricken mourner at what was believed to be his own funeral.

High spots of the account follow:

Tokyo was sound asleep.

On a hill overlooking the heart of the Capital, police guards strolled stiffly before the official residence of the Prime Minister.

Sleepily they peered at the murk enveloping the park surrounding the four-story half-European, half-Japanese mansion.

At intervals the guards turned toward a ten-mat bedroom, elaborately strung with alarm-wires, on the first floor. Under a quilt on one of the mats of this room the second most important man in Japan dozed away. Nearby, slept another man.

Like all recent Japanese Prime Ministers, Keisuke Okada lived in constant fear of assassination. His brother-in-law and companion, Col. Denzo Matsuo, kept close to him day and night.

Sudden Raid—Suddenly panic rocked the hilltop. Out of the shrubbery in a dozen directions shadowy uniformed figures popped like jumping jacks. Pistol shots exploded the eery stillness. Bells broke into frenzied ringing.

All this was the prolog for one of the most remarkable incidents of modern times. What followed in the next hours, on this chill morning of February 26 last—how Premier Okada escaped would-be assassins by playing a stricken mourner at his own "funeral"—was told sketchily at the time.

Last week the May issue of *Hinode* reached the desks of American editors with first graphic details.

It was exactly 5:10 A.M. as the alarm, touched off by the guards, plunged the sleeping house in commotion, relates *Hinode.*

Colonel Matsuo grasped his lounge kimono and darted off to investigate.

"Soldiers—they are everywhere about the house," he shouted, rushing back to the bewildered Okada. Machine gun ra-ta-ta's cut the shrieks of maid servants.

As they stood there listening, the two men—Okada and Matsuo—looked strikingly alike. Okada, short, chunky, sixty-six, retired Admiral with closely-clipped head and mustache, perhaps seemed a bit more austere and stern.

Official Calm—Guards drew a sliding-screen partition and burst into the room. They begged the two men to leave. Premier Okada, noted for his unruffled demeanor, was strangely quiet. Expecting death, he was not unprepared for it.

Colonel Matsuo pleaded: "This is no time to die. No honor in a dog's death. Pray, deign to obey the wishes of the officers and hide yourself—quick!"

Half assenting, he was pushed down a corridor toward the domestic quarters. The guards thrust the little statesman into a small side room.

Apparently to lead the assassins away from Okada, Colonel Matsuo turned in the opposite direction. As he ran, a burst of rifle-fire cut him down.

"Emperor . . . Emperor, long live the Emperor!" he cried.

Soldiers of the mutinous First Division, whose fellow rebels were enacting similar scenes elsewhere in Tokyo, closed in on the dead man, thinking him Okada.

"This is he . . . no doubt about it," they jabbered excitedly. They lifted the body to a neighboring bedchamber.

Quickly word spread of Okada's supposed death. The Premier himself poked his head out into the corridor.

Convinced he could not long escape, Okada now proposed to reach his bedroom and change to more ceremonial clothes in order that he might die fittingly.

Heroines in Action—Two young maids flitting down the hallway almost fainted as they saw him scampering away. "Oh, Master—*sama,* you are well—without harm!" they sighed. Seizing him by the sleeves, they led him against his protests to their own waiting-room.

For the next half hour the maids waited, frozen with terror, at the door of a closet in which they had hidden their master.

Finally, at 6 A.M., a sergeant of the constabulary inveigled the ring of soldiers to allow him to pass in with his men to perform his duty of examining the dead.

The rebels leaned over and watched the sergeant closely as he lifted a corner of the sheet covering Matsuo's body.

The sergeant's eyes fairly danced, but he quickly checked himself, stared a long time reverently, and then started off to look for the Premier.

He stumbled across the two maids, surrounded by mutineers. As he tried to question them slyly, the closet-door opened and Okada stepped out.

The maids almost fainted. The sergeant, recognizing the Premier, gasped.

"Fire away!" the ruddy-faced statesman blared out at the company.

Rescue Accomplished—Not a rifle was lifted. The sergeant saw instantly that not one of the rebels had recognized Okada. In a flash he lifted the elderly man and carried him back to the hidden room.

Presently, the Premier's secretaries broke through the mutineers' cordon. The sergeant tipped them off before the soldiers could take them to the room where Matsuo lay dead.

Without batting an eye, they blandly identified the body as Okada's.

Orders came from the rebels' chief to remove the body. The secretaries, seeing this might lead to knowledge of the mistaken identity once it left the mansion, pleaded for time.

The maids then were ordered removed from their room, and once again the mutineers were foiled, for the girls refused to budge.

It was the second day of the siege, and all of Japan was mourning its Premier, whom a military clique believed to be holding back the march of imperialism.

On that day an officer from the Bureau of Military Affairs was permitted to enter the house. Let in on the secret, he persuaded the mutineers to admit Okada's family and friends to a brief ceremony.

The secretaries gathered twenty elderly men and led them in a procession of automobiles to the mansion. All went through without a hitch. The coffin was nailed down. Incense was burned.

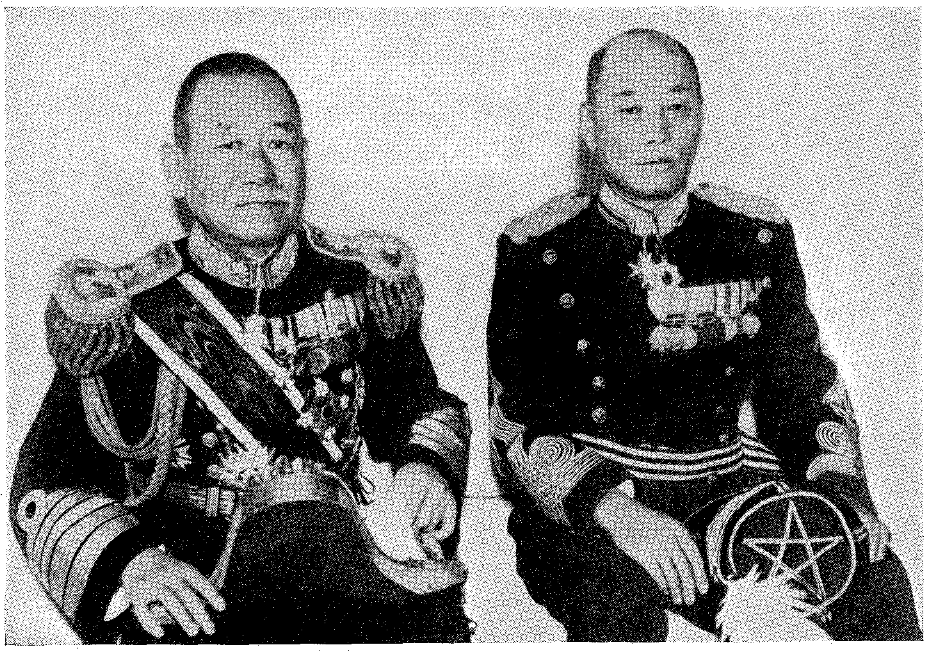
Disguised Faces—Now came the *coup de théâtre* which saved the situation. One of the elderly men in an adjoining room seemed to have collapsed. Presently a constable and a secretary emerged, supporting an aging mourner between them. He wore colored glasses, and his mouth was covered with a respirator. At the entrance porch mutineer guards looked up.

"Sudden attack—yes, he fainted," the constable told them. "The sight was too much for him, evidently. Too bad. Give us permission to call that car over there."

The guards nodded.

The car shot out onto the road like a streak and made for the royal palace. After he was safely quartered in the Emperor's apartments, word was flashed that Keisuke Okada was alive.

Not in all Japanese history was there the equal of such an almost incredible incident. Okada is no longer Premier, but Japanese for generations will relate his weird escape.

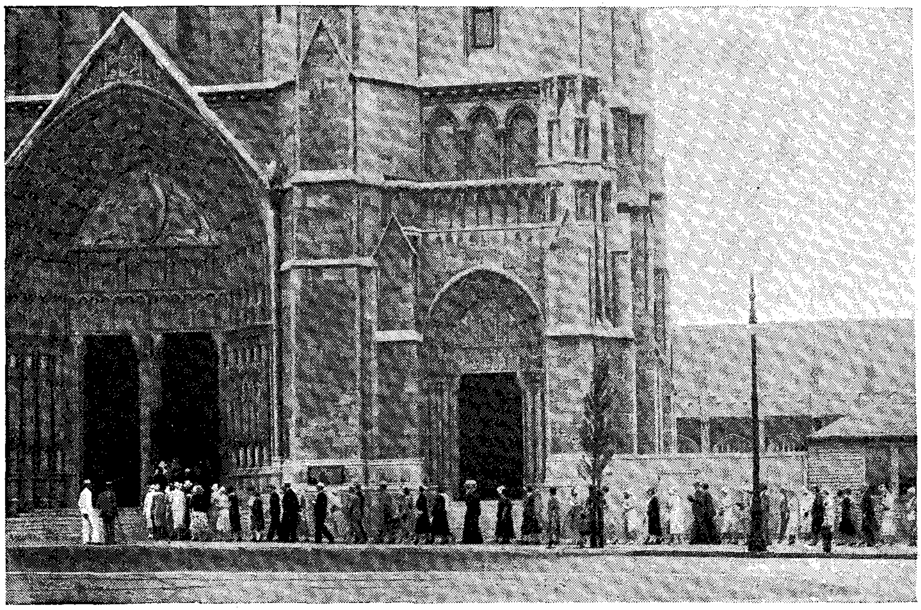


Wide World

Not brothers, but brothers-in-law: Former Premier Okada of Japan (left), whose life was saved by the quick-witted sacrifice of his secretary, Colonel Matsuo (right)

THE CHURCH IN THE CHANGING WORLD

Many Leaders Believe in Keeping Abreast of Modern Issues



In New York's Riverside Church, discussions of capitalism, social economy, and labor help to keep the pews filled, while—

Is religious education the last bulwark between the American people and fascism or communism?

Last week a Jew, a Protestant, and a Catholic chorused "yes" in a symposium at the University of Chattanooga. In New York City ministers of more than a dozen denominations began seriously to ask themselves whether the constantly changing world was not placing new demands upon preachers of the gospel, and if so, how they were meeting them.

The question was one that ministers from the Chesapeake to San Francisco Bay had been asking themselves and one another ever since the world-wide depression confirmed and underlined an epoch that began with the Great War: Must the church follow the paths down which statesmen stumble blindly; or shall it lead?

For years the ministers of New York City—perhaps no less cross-sectional than those of Kansas City or Jacksonville—have been struggling to keep abreast or a little ahead of their times. Many have built bowling alleys, billiard-rooms, athletic fields, little theaters, social centers, dance-halls. It is, they feel, Christianity applied. A new age, spawning a new type of youth, has tested the mettle as well as the cloth of the parson.

Hell-fire Substitute—Is it enough to tempt the young folk into the pews with such allures? What is to be offered them, once they are there, in lieu of the old hell-fire-and-damnation upon which they turned their backs more than a generation ago? Let Manhattan fishers-of-men speak:

"Believe me," says Dr. Eugene C. Carder, assistant pastor of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's fashionable but democratic Riverside Church, "we discuss social economy, capitalism, and labor here. The modern minister can not avoid those issues to-day." It is a militant program of realities.

But Doctor Carder is a militant and real man. Not long ago a peace convention was called for the Rockefeller-built cathedral on Riverside Drive. Some sent an invitation to Father Divine, self-styled Harlem Negro divinity. Father Divine came to Riverside, bringing 600 followers with him, took them into the church, and began his own service. Some one called Doctor Carder, who came on the run, elbowed his way through the milling, sweating throng, collared the dark Messiah, tossed him out.

"Tread Softly"—He does not believe you can stuff anything down the throats of the young to-day. Nor does he believe in trying too literally. Of sex teaching he says: "Tread softly, speak lowly. Let young people do their own finding out. No matter how informed a minister may be, a physician is much better informed."

He has been called a pacifist, but if he "saw anything going on, and the wrong side were about to win, I would pitch right in." He would keep the church here out of church problems abroad. "They had it coming to them," he feels of Europe's struggling churchmen. He thinks the Protestant church is an ample safeguard against communism, fears fascism "might slip one over on us."

In this Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, of Christ Church, Methodist Episcopal, heartily agrees. "There is more danger," he warns, "of the State interfering with the church than of the church interfering with the State." He does not believe in dodging vital topics, whether social or political, but feels they are better handled in forums arranged by the church in the church, tho on days other than those set aside for traditional religious services.

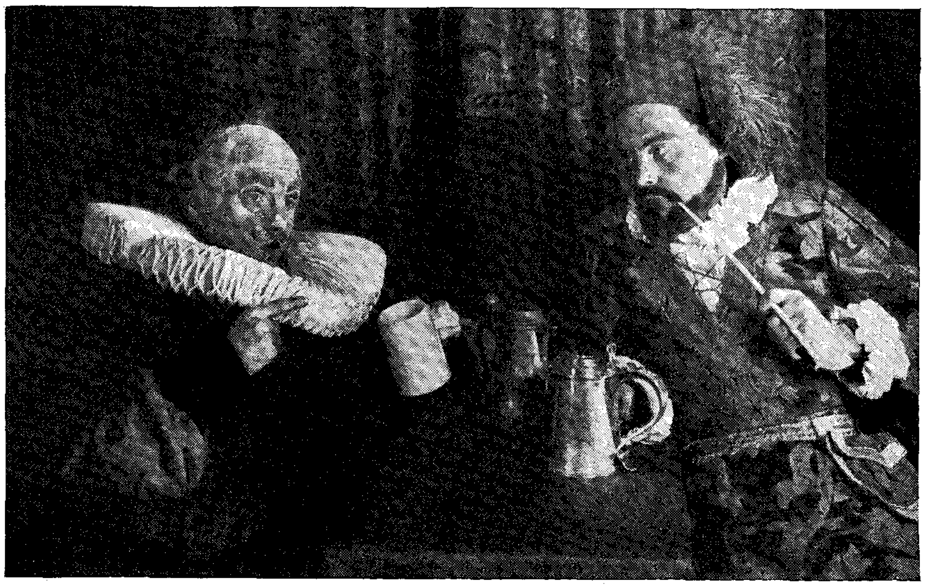
Mississippi-born Dr. Randolph Ray, Rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, learned something about human nature as a reporter on the Brooklyn *Eagle.* Few of the "alumni" of his "Little Church Around the Corner," scattered as they are over the world, know that Doctor Ray was the first man to support Mrs. Charles S. Sabin in her war against prohibition. He sees no harm in using liquor in moderation in the home. He believes premarital advice also should begin at home.

Like other successful preachers, he passes more time on his feet than on his knees. He believes in work, especially among young people. One of his greatest successes is the Thursday Night Club, made up of students of the drama, art, and music.

Broadened Gospel—"If a man sticks only to the gospel," says Dr. William P. Merrill, of Brick Presbyterian Church, "and leaves out the social side of the picture, he has failed because it is an integral part of the New Testament gospel." He thinks the phrase so often heard—"Protestant bankruptcy"—is absurd; because he does not believe that the Protestant Church is bankrupt, or anywhere near it. "Its weakness," he says, "is that it appeals to the individual conscience; but that is also its strength."

Doctor Merrill is very concise about his views on politico-theology. "The minister has no justification for using the pulpit as a soap-box," he says.

On one thing all agree: that whatever one's faith, this is no time to abandon it meekly. If there is to be a fight for human liberties and progress, these cloistered crusaders seem to chorus, then let us be in the thick of the battle.



—at the Thursday Night Club of the Little Church Around the Corner, performances of plays, such as "The Merry Wives of Windsor," interest new members

BREEDING PEACE MARTYRS IN CRADLE

Children of Jehovah's Witnesses Refuse to Salute the Flag

For centuries pacifists have braved prison rather than don uniforms. To-day the 20,000 fanatical members of an odd American-born religious sect go further, refusing to permit their children to salute the Stars and Stripes, to them a "devil's banner."

A year ago the first such case, in Pennsylvania, startled the newspapers. "If you *kill* me I won't salute!" quavered an eleven-year-old schoolboy. He was expelled. Soon after, in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, a teacher was dismissed for refusing to honor "the flag of horror and hate." Followed similar instances of zeal and its punishment in Secaucus, New Jersey; Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, and Los Angeles. An eight-year-old Lynn, Massachusetts, lad was driven from school. Soon authorities found mere expulsion inadequate to stem the mounting tide.

Two weeks ago a Massachusetts county court sentenced two Belchertown boys and their sister, ranging in age from six to nine, to Hampden County Training School, fined the father $40. Four Pennsylvania children, after a thorough beating from their teacher, had been threatened with a similar fate, a few weeks before. In the Belchertown case, a citizens' committee, including members of the Smith College and Amherst faculties, is preparing to carry the fight to the United States Supreme Court.

What manner of religion is this that breeds martyrs in the cradle?

Its 50,000 zealots in eighty-three countries throughout the world call themselves Jehovah's Witnesses. In America they are incorporated as the Watch Tower Bible & Tract Society, in England as the International Bible Students' Association.

Mixture of Heresies—Their creed is a strange mixture of several ancient heresies, a touch of fundamentalism, a dab of first century eschatology, and pacifism.

They believe that the rule of the "Gentile Kingdoms" ended in 1914, that the Kingdom of God already has been established, that Armageddon is imminent, and that the wrath of God is upon "Christendom" and its "Unholy Trinity" of organized religion, big business, and organized government.

They regard "the Roman Catholic hierarchy" as the "Antichrist," but are equally bitter about Protestants. The League of Nations they see as "the Image of the Beast." Especially, they say, does Jehovah God oppose the arrogant Anglo-American seventh empire (foretold by Daniel), which conceives itself the world's peacemaker.

Others before the Witnesses have awaited the epiphany from housetop and hillside, braving the profane jeers of skeptics. Millennialism goes back a thousand years. The Second Coming was confidently predicted for 1260, 1367, 1660, 1700, 1715, and 1734. Mormonism had its genesis in the craze, Smith's earliest desire being to set up a new Zion before the end overtook him.

In 1831 William Miller, a pious farmer of Low Hampton, New York, fixed 1843 as the year of retribution, later amended it to 1844. Ten years ago A. Robert Reidt, a Sayville, Long Island, carpenter known as the Apostle of Doom, gathered a few faithful in ascension robes for the Coming. The depression arrived instead.

"Judge" Joseph F. Rutherford, head of Jehovah's Witnesses, who circulate—hand-bills, books, tracts, and pamphlets which are translated into sixty-two languages

The Plymouth Brethren, or Darbyites, founded in 1830, hold similar tenets, but pin themselves to no dates. The various branches of the Seventh Day Adventists likewise fix no year, but believe the Coming is "imminent."

The Smith-Miller idea was inherited by one Charles Taze Russell. This God-fearing Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Congregational youth heard from a pool-parlor infidel that there was no heaven, no hell. Turning to the Holy Writ for guidance, he developed the idea of the millennium and another chance, began a ministry that lasted forty-two years.

Metropolis Beckons—Later New York beckoned and "Pastor" Russell (he was never ordained) took over the imposing Tabernacle in fashionable Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, of Henry Ward Beecher, the sulfur-tongued Litchfield, Connecticut, Congregational crusader against slavery and the Confederacy. He even installed himself in the Beecher home nearby.

The new hope spread faster than gossip. "Pastor" Russell, covering more ground than Bishop Francis Asbury and St. Paul combined, established more than 12,000 churches here and abroad. A prolific writer, he boasted that his interpretations of the Bible were "more extensive than the combined works of St. Paul, St. John, Arius, Waldo, Wycliffe, and Martin Luther."

One of his best remembered utterances was that "many of the Lord's most faithful children live in a matrimonial furnace of affliction." From his own "furnace" he was delivered by a divorce court, tho his wife won the decree. They had quarreled over the space allotted to her in his publications.

Waiting for Christ in a sun-baked Texas hamlet in 1916, death ambushed the great millennarian, and he "drew up his feet in the bed like Jacob of old" and passed away.

Bald, gangling "Judge" Joseph F. Rutherford, a small-time Missouri lawyer with hazel eyes and a *basso profundo* rumble, succeeded to the mantle in 1917. Emerging unchastened from the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta with Eugene Debs and a host of other conscientious objectors to bearing arms for America in the World War, the "Judge" whipped up an organization which now publishes hundreds of books, tracts, pamphlets, and two periodicals, translating them into sixty-two languages, including Esperanto, Gujarati, and Zulu. Every week his booming voice is carried over 300 radio stations.

Tucked away in a corner under the Brooklyn end of Brooklyn Bridge between two warehouses is an eight-story, white oblong building—the power-house of Jehovah's Witnesses. An electric sign above winks out in ruby lights the word "Riches."

Cooperative Bliss—Here 196 Witnesses, known as the "Bethel Family," toil in cooperative bliss for "Judge" Rutherford and the Lord. Their "riches" are $15 a month. For this sum they man station WBBR, print and mail literature, manufacture phonographs and transcription machines (used to play Rutherford speeches when the radio is not convenient), make the 35,000 pounds of ink used annually to print $700,000 worth of books. Florida and Staten Island farms supply food.

Meanwhile the crusade for peace and exemption from oaths and saluting goes on. And not only in America, where thousands have been roused to interest in the ultimate fate of the three Opielouski children of Belchertown.

More than 1,000 of Jehovah's Witnesses, for daring to tell Hitler that the Third Reich is "the Devil's Kingdom," were thrown into Nazi concentration camps. There, too, their greatest fight is for peace.

But pacifism, remarks *The Christian Century*, "does not always appear in the rational garb that many would desire. This is true of Gandhi's *satyagraha* enswathed in Hindu metaphysics, of Tolstoi's mysticism, and of the more bizarre aspects of early Quakerism. So it is with Jehovah's Witnesses. But bravery is bravery. Those who are not against us are for us."

Do You Know that in this time of distress, trouble and uncertainty there is a positive message of truth and courage for you, if you really desire it?

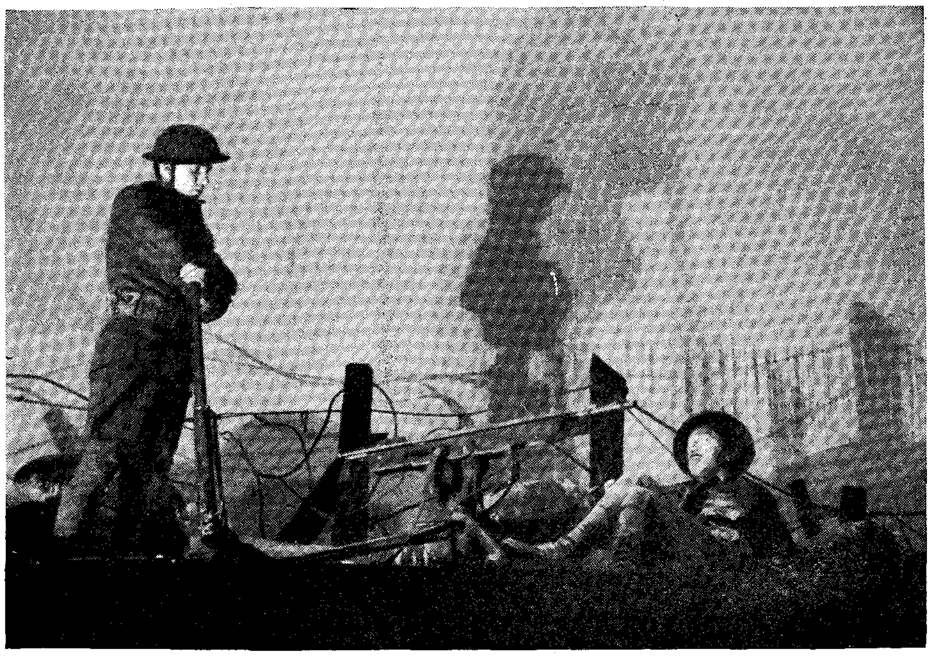
Where? you ask? In the Bible, the Word of Jehovah, of course. "But," you say, "I don't understand the Bible." However,

You are surely desirous of understanding it, are you not? If you

Are, Jehovah's witnesses will be glad to assist you. Ask them to when they call at your home. They count it a privilege to bring to you the message of God's kingdom that will soon destroy all wicked organizations of men and bring in

SAVAGE SPUTTERING AGAINST WAR

"Bury the Dead" Maintains Mood of Power in Single-Act Form



"Bury the Dead" . . . "begins in a mood of power and ends in a savage protest"

For fifteen years the New York theater has not lacked for plays about—and mostly against—war. The mass of these plays has been undistinguished, a few have stood out bravely, shining with protest, sputtering against the madness and futility of warfare.

A notable stage weapon against war was "What Price Glory?", a success. Another, notable in novel form, a failure in the theater, was "Paths of Glory."

None of these, seen in retrospect, weighed to the last ounce of its propagandist value, compares with a play little more than one act long, the work of a twenty-three-year-old Brooklyn boy. The play is "Bury the Dead."

The author is Irwin Shaw. Before writing the playlet, Mr. Shaw had earned some fame as a brawny semiprofessional football player, had earned some money in the process of funneling about 2,000,000 words of dialog through the radio microphones. He was a continuity writer for the broadcasting systems.

Mr. Shaw has written his disturbing, angry play in a strange way. Shrewdly calculating that the three-act form would make his play too tenuous, he disciplined himself and held it down to one long act. It is exactly enough.

It begins in a mood of power and ends in savage protest.

Grave-Trench—Down near the footlights there is a grave-trench. In it, their backs to the audience, stand six American soldiers.

They have been dead two days. They refuse, mutely but unassailably, to be buried. They feel themselves too young to be shut away from the world under six feet of hurriedly shoveled mud.

Fellow soldiers, on a burial squad detail, beg them to submit to the grave. Their officers argue with them. Generals plead with them.

Finally, in a desperate resort, their wives and sweethearts are sent for. The women exhort them to accept burial. They refuse all pleas, are contemptuous of all blandishments and direct orders.

In the end, with a maniacal general shooting at them with a machine-gun, they step out of the grave and walk away together into the mists. His bullets are less deterrent than a gentle rain. They simply walk away, unharmed, implacable.

Not only has the play stirred audiences deeply, but it has fastened excited attention on Mr. Shaw. He is being hailed as a new magician in the contemporary theater. A young, blistering dramatist with scourging things to say.

Curious Start—The play itself has had a curious history. In March it was presented for two performances, and folded away. Those two, seen by certainly not more than 3,000 persons, suddenly became the fevered talk of a city of 6,000,000 persons.

Early in April, Alex Yokel acquired production rights and established the play in a Times Square theater. It became an immediate sensation after its second première ten days ago. Bold, often profane, but girded with a superb message, the play has done more to accent the horrors of war than all the other war plays put together.

One of the highest points in the play takes place when three generals attempt to cozen the six dead men into lying down for burial. The First General is appointed to reason with them, he fails miserably. They simple stare at him. From the Random House published edition of the play, the scene follows:

"First General: We're all anxious to get this thing over with just as quickly and quietly as possible. I know that you men are with me on this. There's no reason why we can't get together and settle this in jig-time. I grant, my friends, that it's unfortunate that you're dead. I'm sure that you'll all listen to reason. Listen, too, to the voice of duty, the voice that sent you here to die bravely for your country. Gentlemen, your country demands of you that you lie down and allow yourselves to be buried.

"Must our flag fly at half-mast and droop in the wind while you so far forget your duty to the lovely land that bore and nurtured you? I love America, gentlemen, its hills and valleys. If you loved America as I do, you would not . . . (*he breaks down, overcome*). I find it difficult to go on (*he pauses*). I have studied this matter and come to the conclusion that the best thing for all concerned would be for you men to lie down peaceably in your graves and allow yourselves to be buried. (*He waits. The Corpses do not move.*)

"Third General: It didn't work. He's not firm enough. You've got to be firm right from the beginning or you're lost.

"First General: Men, perhaps you don't understand. (*To Corpses*) I advise you to allow yourself to be buried (*they stand, motionless*). You're dead, men, don't you realize that? You can't be dead and stand there like that. Here . . . here . . . I'll prove it to you! (*He gets out Doctor's reports.*) Look! A doctor's reports. Witnessed! Witnessed by Privates McGurk and Butler. (*He reads the names.*) This ought to show you! (*He waves the reports. He stands on the brink of the grave, glaring at the Corpses. He shouts at them.*) You're dead, officially, all of you! I won't mince words! You heard! We're a civilized race, we bury our dead. Lie down! (*The Corpses stand.*) Private Driscoll! Private Schelling! Private Morgan! Private Levy! Private Webster! Private Dean! Lie down! As Commander-in-chief of the Army as appointed by the President of the United States, and as your superior officer, I command you to lie down and allow yourselves to be buried. (*They stand, silent and motionless!*) Tell me—what is it going to get you, staying above the ground? (*Not a sound from the Corpses.*) I asked you a question, men. Answer me! What it it going to get you? If I were dead I wouldn't hesitate to be buried. Answer me . . . what do you want? What is it going to get you? . . . (*As they remain silent.*) Tell me! Answer me! Why don't you talk? Explain it to me, make me understand . . ."

Critical Chorus—The critics, reacting together with the audiences, recorded their enthusiasms without curb.

Gilbert Gabriel, New York *American:* "Mr. Shaw stands in imminent danger of growing into one of the most powerful dramatists of this land and time. It is a long time since I have seen a large audience so moved, so hotly convulsed, so deeply shaken."

Robert Garland, New York *World-Telegram:* "Other men, other plays, have told of war's futility and horror and venality of cause. But no play, in my memory, has spoken with such well-directed vehemence."

John Mason Brown, New York *Post:* "Seen even at a dress rehearsal, when it was acted before a few scattered people, its effect was so hushing, so heart-breaking and galvanizing that it is not difficult to guess how stupendous its impact will be upon the crowded houses it richly deserves."

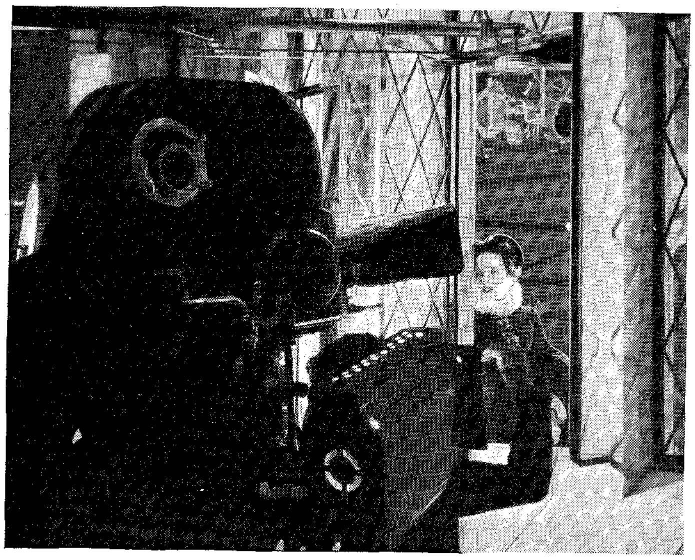
The author has not been without his events since the play was produced. It took Hollywood only a few days to hire him, on the premise that so magic a dramatist would be a power in film writing. He was hastened to the West Coast by fast air-plane, he was assigned a scenario within twenty-four hours. Irwin Shaw is currently at work writing a college football story for the cinema.

QUEENLY ACTRESSES IN NEW ARTISTRY OF HOLLYWOOD

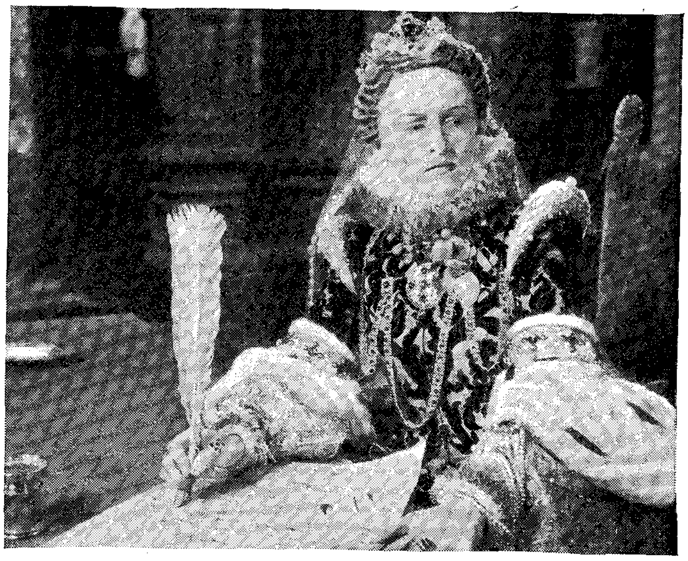
Photographs by RKO Radio Pictures

For Katharine Hepburn, playing the title role in "Mary of Scotland," the day starts with a discussion of her work with John Ford, the Director . . .

. . . Then she poses for a "still" with one of the children in the picture . . .



. . . stands at a window of one of the sets, for a close-up . . .



. . . watches Florence Eldridge, as Queen Elizabeth, play a scene . . .

Maxwell Anderson's drama, "Mary of Scotland," is being converted into a motion-picture at the RKO studios in Hollywood.

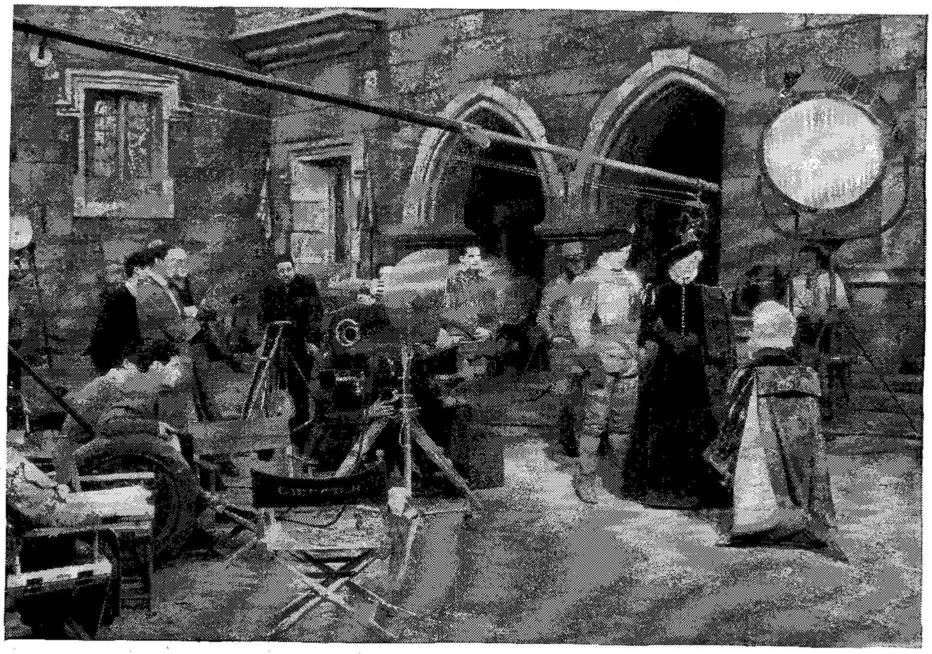
For the theater, Helen Hayes played the title rôle, all of the dialog was supplied by Mr. Anderson, the production cost to the Theater Guild was $40,000.

For the cinema, Katharine Hepburn will be the tragic queen, Scenarist Dudley Nichols has not retained a single line of the Anderson dialog, the production cost will be at least one million dollars in excess of what the Theater Guild spent.

Directed by Ford—Directing a woman star for the first time in his career, John Ford, who directed the prize-winning photoplay, "The Informer," is achieving results.

Fordian touch: casting of Florence Eldridge for the rôle of Queen Elizabeth. Without make-up, she looks exactly like Elizabeth as extant portraits show her.

Nursery item: an infant was needed to play the rôle of Queen Mary's baby. To comply with the California law which forbids infants under one year to play under studio lights for more than three minutes a day, twins were engaged.



. . . and goes to another set to go through her part with Fredric March, who plays the Earl of Bothwell

Persons and Personalities

PRINCESS UNTERRIFIED BY NAZI SPIES

"Perfect" Nordic on Mission Here After Seal Is Put on Exile

Two years ago a tall, regal, Dutch-born German princess was driving her Duesenberg through the winding, hilly streets of Innsbruck, Austria. From the chromium radiator-cap fluttered the black-red-gold pennant of the Weimar Republic. Suddenly fifty Nazi hoodlums descended on the car, ripped off the "Marxist" flag. Smiling, the princess whipped out a revolver, fired in the air. The hoodlums fled, and the German press, pitched to a frenzy, dubbed her "the shooting princess."

Last week in her suite at the Hotel Roosevelt, New York, Princess Helga Maria Loewenstein laughingly boasted that she never locks her sitting-room door in the daytime, doesn't carry a gun here, and has emphatic faith in U. S. policemen. In America with her husband, Prince Hubertus Loewenstein, to plead the cause of all Germans without a country, she is constantly under the eye of the Nazi spy system, she feels. Threatening letters bear out her suspicions.

Princess Loewenstein is the symbol of the Nazi ideal of racial purity—a 100 per cent. Nordic with turquoise-blue eyes and spun-gold hair coiled at the nape of her milk-white neck. She looks for all the world like a Viking goddess. She made no secret of her disgust with Hitlerian methods, and that was enough to seal her exile.

Expelled—If other reasons had been needed, there was the fact that her husband, leader of the Catholic Center party of Bruning and von Papen, also had incurred the displeasure of the Third Reich and been expelled. On his head there is a price. Any one who returns him to Germany will be gratefuly rewarded with a prize of 5,000 marks ($1,625).

The Loewensteins are in this country campaigning for funds to support two organizations dedicated to nourishing German arts and letters among exiles from the Fatherland. These are The American Guild for German Cultural Freedom, a year old, and the proposed German Academy of Arts and Letters, which is to be "a central integrating unit of cultural life outside Germany."

Princess Loewenstein will address Catholic women's clubs on the position of women in present-day Germany, and on the literature, art, and music of the Third Reich. She herself has no natural interest, either in politics or speechmaking, but she believes it is a wife's duty to do everything she can to help her husband.

Youthful, tolerant, and democratic in the extreme, she is a direct descendant of the Duke of Alba, tyrant of The Netherlands in the sixteenth century. Her Dutch parents were in Norway when she was born, August 27, 1910, and she passed much of her life there. But it was in Germany that she received her education.

Liberalism Nazified—The school she attended, a famous seat of liberalism in Wickersdorf, Thuringia, now, like all the other schools in the Third Reich, has been *gleichgeschaltet* (coordinated) by the Nazis. It was here, when she was seventeen years old, that she met the Prince, five years her senior.

Wide World

Princess Helga Maria Loewenstein, German exile, made no secret of her disgust

He is Austrian-born, the younger son of an old Bavarian family which dates back to the Holy Roman Empire. The family seat is at Krutz Wertheim, Bavaria, altho the young Prince and Princess live in Matzen, an ancient castle near Innsbruck, one tower of which dates to 200 A. D.

As the Princess was a member of an unbaptized sect of quasi-Protestants when she married her Catholic Prince at Palermo, Italy, in 1929, she became the first heathen princess of the Holy Roman Empire since the days of Widukind. Three years later she turned Catholic.

The Loewensteins have no children, altho the Princess believes every woman should be a mother. For the present, she believes, however, that by having no children they are better adapted to the dangerous rôles they are playing. If conditions ever become settled in Germany, they will have a family.

Weaving and embroidering are her favorite indoor pastimes. She likes to keep busy with her hands. Reading also consumes much of her time. But her chief interest is in the out-of-doors, particularly the sea. Swimming fascinates her, and sailing and skiing (which she pronounces "shee-ing"). She is a better than average tennis player, and an expert horsewoman.

At painting she "dabbles a bit" for her own amusement, and she adores music. It makes her happy to remember that she was born in a house where Grieg once had lived. Her one regret is that she can play no musical instrument, and she wishes her voice were "better than it is."

"I like to sing," she explains shyly. "But the family only permits me to do so on my birthday. You know what that must mean."

She does not care much for jewelry, but emeralds are her favorite stones. Blue is her special color; brown she dislikes very much—possibly because it reminds her of Herr Hitler's brown-shirted *Sturmabteilungen*.

Like her husband, she admits readily to being superstitious. She will not, for example, gaze upon a new moon through a window-pane. She firmly believes that it is bad luck to have a black cat cross her path. And she absolutely refuses to permit empty shoes on a table. For a man to perch his feet on the top of a desk is merely a form of bad taste which she can endure; shoes placed upon a table, however, are a sure forerunner of ill fortune.

Far Wanderer—Naturally and inevitably, she has traveled a great deal. Before the World War she had covered Europe and made one trip to India. Mastery of seven languages and a speaking acquaintance with an East Indian dialect is one result.

Altho her family came from Holland, she does not regard Dutch as her native tongue; says she cannot lay claim to any one, because she has had to be at home in so many. Three of the seven she speaks she feels should be counted as only one, because of their similarity—Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish. Without the slightest trace of an accent, she can converse also in German, Dutch, French, and English.

Once in 1933, when German Nazis were crossing the Austrian border in numbers, they and their Nazi brethren in the Tyrol laid siege to the Loewenstein castle near Innsbruck. The Prince, placing his young wife in the care of trusted retainers, decided to run the gantlet.

Leaping into his car and pressing the throttle to the floor-board, he roared from the garage, through the gates, past the ranks of his surprized enemies. Quaking with terror, not only for herself but for her brave husband, the Princess waited seemingly endless hours in the darkened ramparts for his safe return. The following day he arrived with a corps of friendly police. The siege was lifted.

Again, in the same year, the Princess was strolling in Unter den Linden, Berlin, when she was assailed by a group of young Nazi toughs. Smiling, she drew on her right glove, fetched the nearest youth a flattening blow. Abashed, the others saluted respectfully, and ran.

Still, she sighs, she has never had any adventures on her travels.

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Steiwer—Senator; Republican keynoter—as if spelled *sty'wer.*

Arends—Representative (R.) from Illinois—rimes with *fair ends.*

Beiter—Representative (D.) from New York—just *biter,* not *beater.*

Binderup—Representative (D.) from Nebraska—rimes with *tinder cup.*

Boehne—Representative (D.) from Indiana—he calls it *baney.*

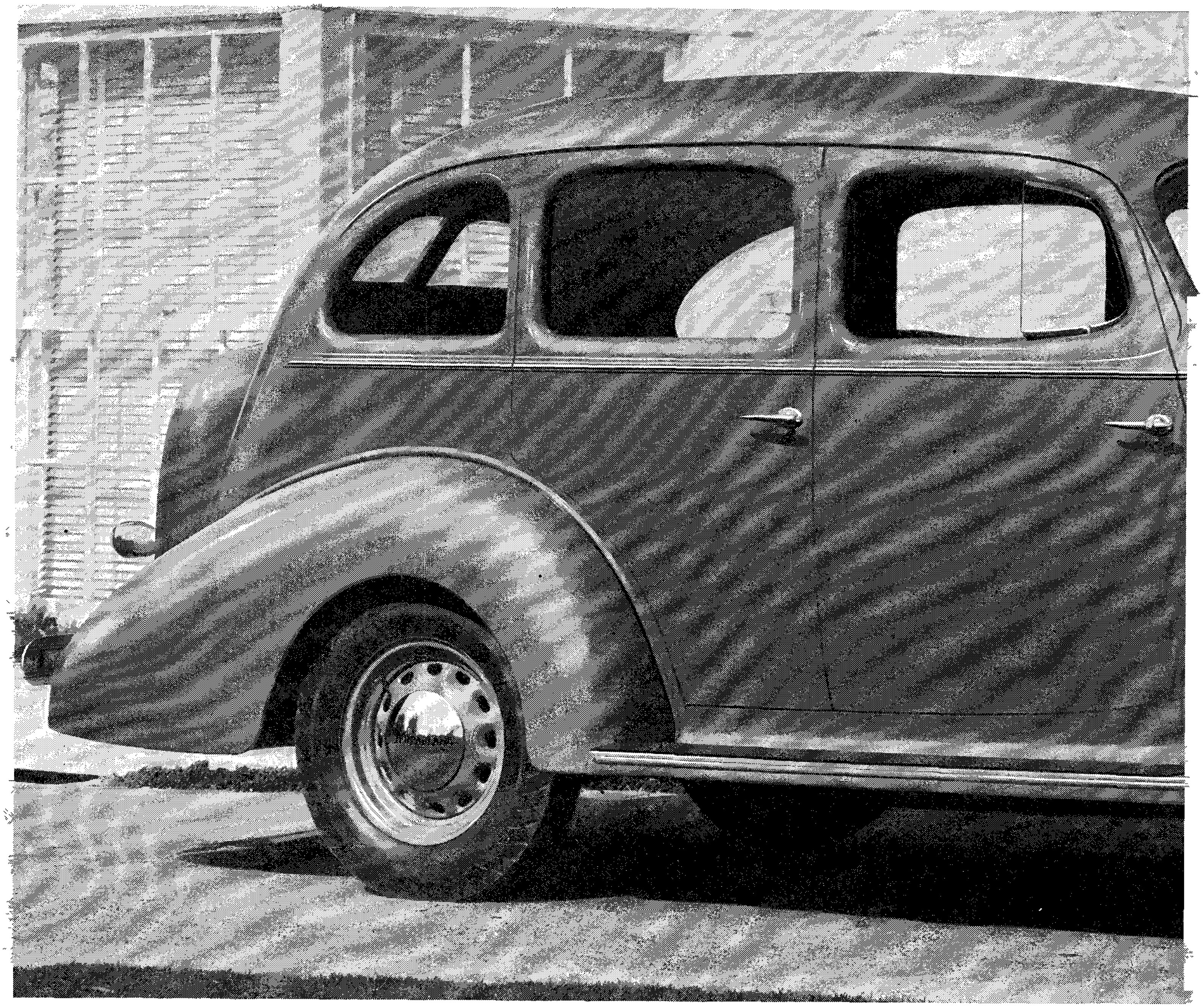
Boileau—Representative (P.) from Wisconsin—as if spelled *boy'low.*

Knutson—Representative (R.) from Minnesota—he says: "as if spelled *ca'nut-son.*"

Kloeb—Representative (D.) from Ohio—rimes with *globe: klobe.*

Stefan—Representative (R.) from Nebraska—as if written *Stephen.*

Whelchel—Representative (D.) from Georgia—drop first *h: wel'chel.*



“Under all its style . . . this

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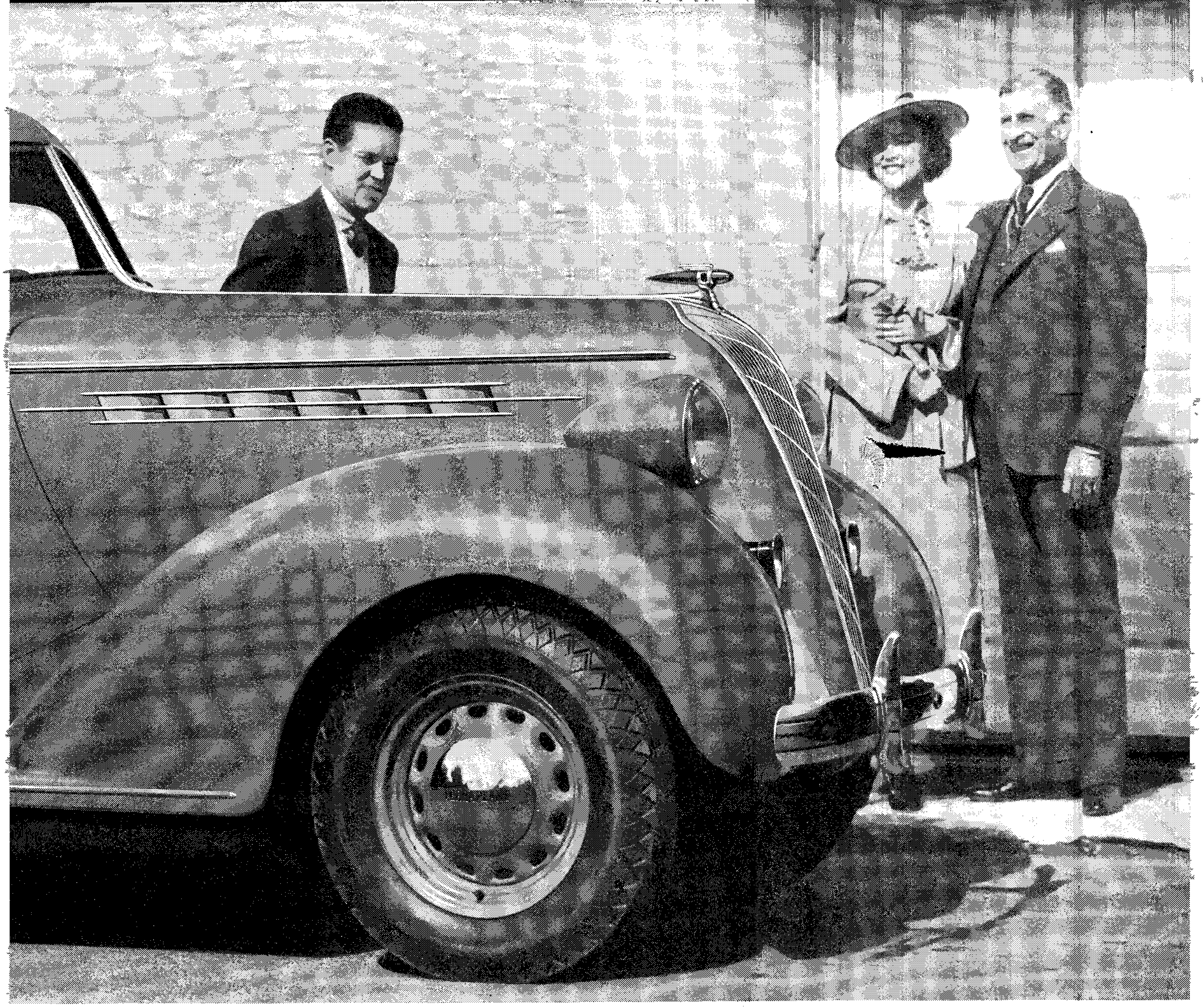

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Flick a finger . . . and gears shift! The *new* way to drive . . . easier, safer. With a *clear* floor in front . . . real foot-and-leg comfort for three front-seat passengers! That's the magic of the Electric Hand, proved by owners of Hudson-built cars *in over a quarter of a billion miles of driving.* You can have it on your Terraplane at small extra cost. *It is not available on any other low priced car.*

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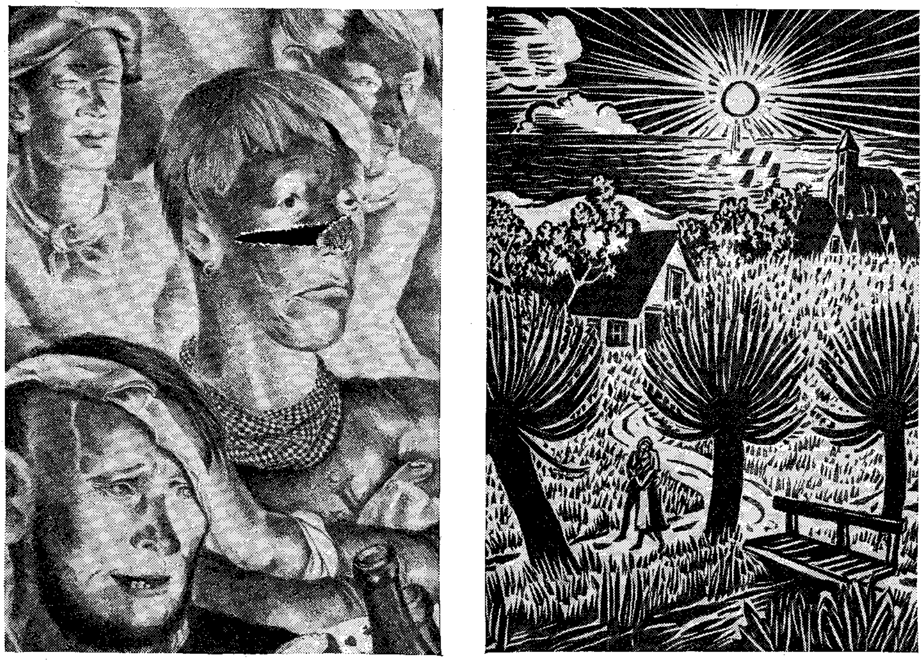


Photographs Courtesy Museum of Modern Art.

Painters as illustrators: lithograph for "The Beggars' Opera," by Mariette Lydis, and (right) a wood cut for "Til Eulenspiegel" by Frans Masereel

Fine books usually are exhibited under glass. The gallery-going public, looking down upon two open pages, takes a few awkward squints and passes on, leaving the field to the bibliophile.

When the Museum of Modern Art of New York decided to show a collection of books illustrated by modern painters and sculptors it faced this problem.

Monroe Wheeler, art book connoisseur, called in to direct the show, hit upon a novel idea. He removed the pages from the books and placed them on walls.

Beginning this week and lasting until June 14, 213 items contributed by 100 artists are thus appropriately displayed throughout the three galleries of this progressive museum.

Not only is this exhibition novel in this respect, but it is the first showing of book illustrations by artists already famous in painting and sculpture. Most of the books are contemporary, but classic stories also have caught the artists' imagination.

Dazzling Displays—The illustrations—stencilings of water-colors, lithographs, engravings—are spread on the walls in whole sheets of dazzling and weird colors and shapes.

So expensive were the processes of reproducing them that few except wealthy book collectors could have seen most of them outside such an exhibition.

The chief characteristic of this highly modernistic show is the way artists renowned for abstract compositions have given themselves to straight representational art.

James Joyce's *Ulysses* has been portrayed in Henri Matisse's clear etchings and drawings. Hugo Gellert has tried to capture the radical economics of Karl Marx in his lithographs.

Pablo Picasso, father of cubism, has illustrated classic Ovid's "Metamorphoses" and Honoré Balzac's "The Unknown Masterpiece."

American exhibits run through a gamut of moods, from Grant Wood's assuredly native crayons to Charles Demuth's thin, tortured water-colors of Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." The German-born George Grosz has done O. Henry.

UP FROM CHAOS

Russian Girl Who Rejoiced at Loss of Family Fortune Becomes Sculptor

Russian girls whose families lost their money during the War or Red Revolution dampened many a handkerchief with saddened eyes.

Guitou Knoop wept with joy when her father, a rich Muscovite, twice lost his fortune. Losing it meant to her an end of narrowed aristocratic life and a chance to study art.

Profiting by this twist of fate, Guitou Knoop grew to fame as a sculptor.

After Paris, London, and even Chicago had stood in rapture before her work, she came to New York last week and placed some of her portrait busts on exhibition at the Wildenstein Galleries.

Slender, brown-haired, thirty-three, Guitou Knoop was discovered a few years ago, poor and obscure, in Paris, by André Maurois, French writer.

As a child in Moscow she had made clay caricatures of her mother's friends. Then, the family fortune gone, she was sent to Geneva to school and later lived in Vienna and Berlin.

While she was a resident of the latter city in the early 1920s a German sculptor did a bust of her.

Onward to Fame—She decided then and there to take up sculpture and went to Paris, where she studied under Bourdelle. She met Maurois by chance, did a bust of him, and this shot her to fame and fortune.

France adopted her. Museums bought her work. Celebrities flocked to her Parc Montsouris *atelier* for sittings.

Last December Maurois induced the young Russian to come to America. Mlle. Knoop brought her galaxy in bronze and marble and showed them at the Chicago Arts Club and later at the Art Institute in Dayton, Ohio.

Her heads lean forward, all show alertness, even tho, as in the case of Maurois, it may be an alert face temporarily at rest. Typical are her heads of aristocrats, with straight, finely-chiseled nose which is copied from her own.

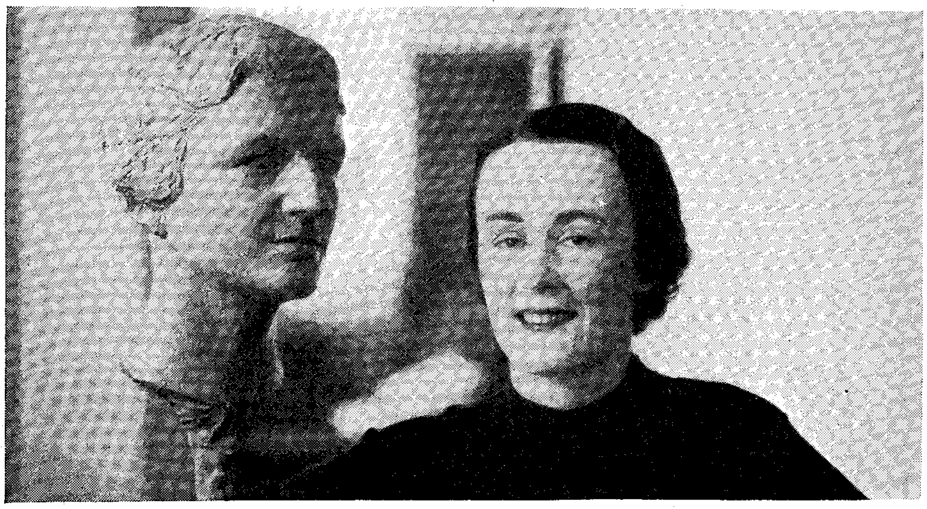
She considers herself French, tho international in outlook. She finds the objective method of the abstract school, of looking at an object sheerly, not for its meaning, but for its appearance, helpful.

America she likes because, she says, it is possible here to indulge freely in sports. She swims and plays tennis, but found riding too expensive.

She possesses, says Maurois, the qualities which Americans like best: youth, simplicity, sincerity, and enthusiasm.

Mlle. Knoop speaks French and English fluently, and got a kick out of her Chicago visit by having her first chat there with a taxicab driver. Before she returns home she hopes to add Katharine Cornell to the Rothschilds, Otto H. Kahn, and many other notables she has sculped.

Looking back to girlhood days she says: "I'm glad we lost our money. It gave me an inferiority complex which I have found helpful and exciting to overcome."



Guitou Knoop, with her portrait bust of Mrs. James Ward Thorne of Chicago

Typical subjects for William H. Zerbe's camera: "Boy With Dog" . . .

"Waiting for the Tide" . . .

LENS NIMROD Hound for Photographic News Carries On Like a Five-Alarm Fire

In the modern rush after red-hot pictures nothing seems too fast for William H. Zerbe, aged, gnome-like New York news photographer.

A staff photographer for the New York *Herald Tribune* for twenty years, he may be seen daily flying through the sky-scraper canyons, camera across shoulder.

Born in Brooklyn, he has exhibited his pictures for fifty-two years, but his eyes twinkle when youngsters try to guess his age. His voice rings with energy as he says:

"Let them figure that out for themselves. I always want to be thought younger than I am. It's this work that keeps me going, and I don't intend to retire, either."

As spry as a cub reporter, Zerbe likes nothing better than chasing a fire-engine. And in this smoky assignment, he has few peers. He will dart breathlessly among the shouting men and tangled hose, and when his shots, so seemingly hurriedly made, are developed they often are works of art.

His "Smoke Eaters" and "Fire Alarm," taken years ago, are widely exhibited to this day.

Last week some of his best known pictures and a number of new ones, were placed on exhibition at the Camera Club of New York.

"Paintings in light and shade," as one critic described them, these photographs catch the spirit and movement of the city in exquisite compositions.

Simplicity Seeker—"I always try to get a good composition. Of one simple subject, even in a five-alarm fire," he says.

A lensman first, he has a practised eye which seeks more after craftsmanship than the "arty" approach of other camera experts.

He will take any assignment, but if there's a chance to hie to the country or to snap a cat or an elephant he smacks his lips and goes after his game.

Zerbe's art began in New York years ago in the camera appliance shop of Andrew Prosch, whose brother, George, constructed the first camera used in the United States.

"Pop Sheedy"

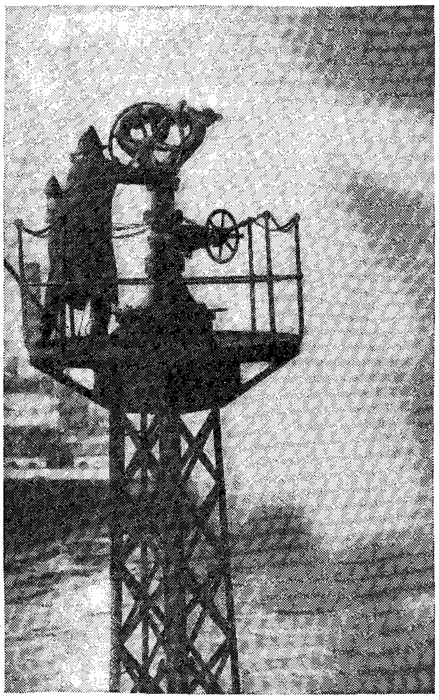
Jolted by the panic of 1907, he started out on his own, and down through the years the chase for pictures has gone on ceaselessly. When he isn't so occupied, he can be found giving demonstrations or lectures on photography.

For twenty-six years he taught one of the first courses in photography at the Brooklyn Institute. He is a Director of the Photographic Society of America and in England an Associate of the Royal Photographic Society.

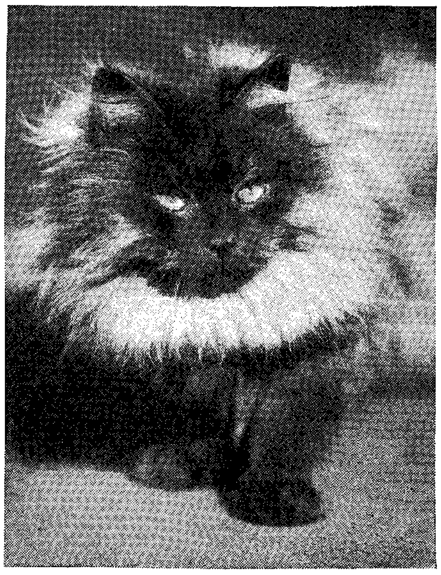
Art, Not Name—Last week, Zerbe looked back on his camera-shooting career to remark: "A picture should stand by itself. The photographer's name should be thought of afterwards.

"Amateur photography is improving. The miniature camera gives the camera fan a wonderful chance to take pictures.

"For me, it's a lot of fun rushing around on assignments. Going after good shots never tires me. Give me a five-alarm fire and I'm off."



"Towermen" . . .



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THE SHORT ROUTE TO THE ORIENT

News of the Book World

Sparkenbroke. By Charles Morgan. 551 pp. (New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.75.)

The first novel in four years from the author of "The Fountain" straightway collided with the ecstasies of the major reviewers. So great indeed has been their pleasure in collision that they have been saying it with superlatives.

Its philosophy—of the intimate association between poetry, love, and death—is hailed as "profound" and also as "nonsense." Says Fanny Butcher of the Chicago *Tribune:* "I do not remember, in the pages of any modern novel, meeting death so tranquilly." Lewis Gannett of the New York *Herald Tribune* cautiously remarks: "This concern with the ecstasy of death is of the mind, not the heart. I can not share it; I do not believe it."

The object of such regard is *Piers, Lord Sparkenbroke,* who leaves a deep imprint on English letters. As a lover he is no less the *conquistador* than as an author. But as the poet-philosopher who holds that "at any rate, imagination is the evidence of God," he wields his greatest influence.

Death as Beginning—*Sparkenbroke* sought the meaning of life. In love he discovered that "genius is the power to die." His preoccupation with death, however, was not that of the fatalist. Death in his eyes was the beginning.

Even while with the beautiful *Mary* in Lucca, this seventh viscount and twelfth baron in his line is never quite able to lift himself from the pit of this preoccupation. So that the dancing candle-beams on the window-pane "are this world. While they are shining in our eyes we can see nothing beyond them. Put them out, and suddenly the night and its constellations rush in."

"One of the great novels of the year . . . some of the most beautiful writing of our day," sighs Miss Butcher. "A piece of late Gothic carving, with a Yogi inscription, set up in an English church," Mr. Gannett feels. But the Philadelphia *Inquirer* agrees that it is "likely to take equal rank with the most distinguished English novel of 1932."

The Providence *Sunday Journal* finds Mr. Morgan's aim not unlike George Moore's. Herschel Brickell in the Philadelphia *Record* dismisses "Sparkenbroke" as "watered-down platonism." To Robert Van Gelder in the New York *Times* it seems that it is "basically a nonsense novel."

That it is somewhat frosty in its immensity there can be no doubt.

* * *

Education Before Verdun. By Arnold Zweig. 447 pp. (New York: The Viking Press; $2.50.)

Those who neglected to read the book must have seen the picture. In any case, Zweig needs no introduction to America, for "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" moved the nation. "Grischa" was third in a trilogy begun with "Young Woman of 1914." "Education Before Verdun" fills the gap.

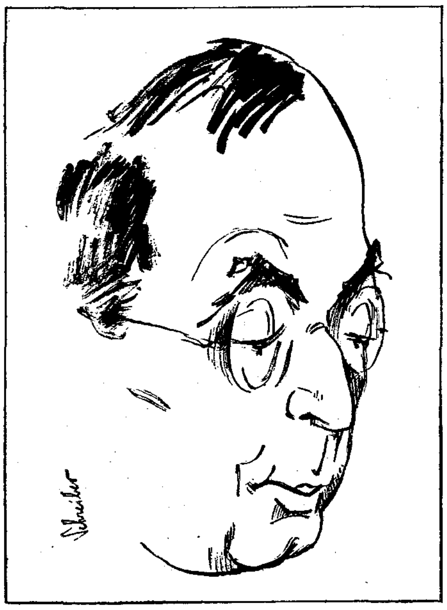
The plot, such as it is, will be familiar to those who read R. H. Mottram's "Spanish Farm" trilogy or the lighter trench tales of William Gerhardi.

A scion of the House of *Kroysing* has complained to superiors that certain non-coms have robbed the men's mess. A court martial has been ordered, but for the honor of the regiment it has been pigeon-holed. *Sergeant Kroysing* is sent to an exposed outpost, in the hope that a French shell will seal his troublesome *dossier.* It does.

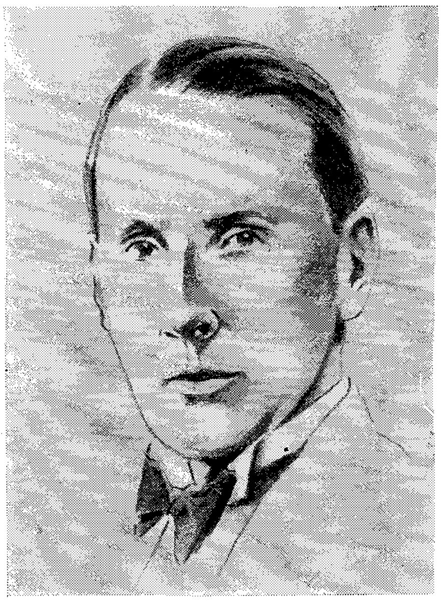
Family Honor—At Douaumont, however, is the *Sergeant's* brother, a lieutenant of sappers. This cold, brave, ruthless soldier undertakes to reopen the case for the honor of the family. He is aided by *Private Bertin,* the Jewish writer of "Grischa," who never quite comprehends what the War is about, thus affording Herr Zweig an opportunity to discuss his own pet prejudices.

Lieutenant Kroysing obtains the transfer of the offending company to Fort Douaumont at the height of the Kronprinz's hopeless drive. In their extinction, the tooth-for-a-tooth account is squared.

Reviewing the book in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News,* Dorothy Canfield comments: "The story Zweig has chosen to tell is selected with an exquisite sense of irony, which throughout all the long book never loses its cutting edge, its power to make you laugh wryly at human beings, and having laughed, to pass a hand over your burning eyes and swallow an aching lump."



Arnold Zweig . . . inspired wry laughter



Charles Morgan . . . inspired superlatives

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

●

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

allumeuse.—"A. P. O.," Nashville, Tenn.,—This term is French slang, and may be translated as "flirt, vamp." The word is used also in a non-slang sense to mean a lighter, igniter, as, for instance, a cigar-lighter.

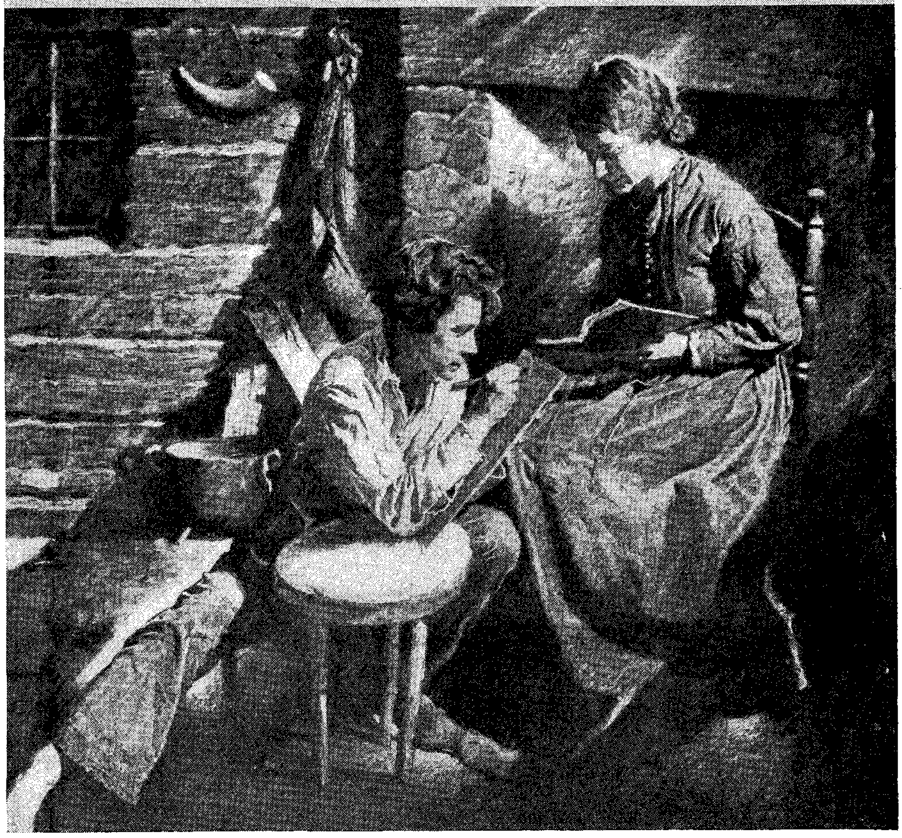
Assize of bread and ale.—"M. E.," New York City.—This was an assize of the fifty-first year of the reign of Henry III of Enland—1258. According to Blackstone's *Commentaries* (IV. 157), the assize of bread consisted of the rules laid down by law for ascertaining its price in every given quantity. The assizes of bread, wine, ale, and flesh figure in English history, particularly in Edward II's time (1330), and Edward IV's (1473-4). Reference to them is frequent in literature, and in 1638 Penkethman published a work entitled "Artachthos: or Assis of Bread." See also G. L. Craik, *History of British Commerce*, Vol. I.

kilometer.—"A. W. J.," Boothbay Harbor, Me.—The pronunciation of *kilometer* with the stress on the second syllable is not preferred usage. It arose during the War when, for the first time, a great number of American soldiers, including those in the regular army, encountered the word and had to use it conversationally. By false analogy with *cyclometer, pedometer, thermometer, barometer,* and other words that were familiar, they gave to this word the same stress, unaware that its true pronunciation was well fixed. None of the dictionaries recognize the erroneous pronunciation except to brand it as incorrect. The preferred pronunciation is with the major stress on the first syllable and a secondary stress on the third—*kil'o-me"ter.* This is correct in England as in America.

secondary (school).—"E. M.," Chicago, Ill.—*Secondary,* as applied to schools, pertains to the grades of instruction imparted between the elementary or primary grades and the college or university curricula. The term is somewhat ambiguous, for there are varieties of practise in primary instruction. In some localities the primary grades include the fourth year of school, in others, the third. Others may include the fifth and sixth years. Usually, the fourth or fifth year marks the beginning of so-called "grammar" school. Ordinarily, the grammar-school grades and high-school grades are included in the elastic term "secondary schools," tho sometimes the term is limited to the high-school grades alone.

whispering campaign.—"P. S.," New York City.—It may be that the conjunction of *whispering* with *campaign* is fairly recent—perhaps no earlier than the Wilson Administration; but *whispering* in the sense of malicious insinuation, secret slander or detraction is at least four hundred years old. A *whispering campaign* is, therefore, nothing more than a deliberately conceived plan (a campaign) to spread slander or detraction secretly.

"ALL . . . I OWE TO MY MOTHER"—*Lincoln*



"The Boy Lincoln and His Mother" — by M. Leone Bracker.
Original painted for and owned by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company

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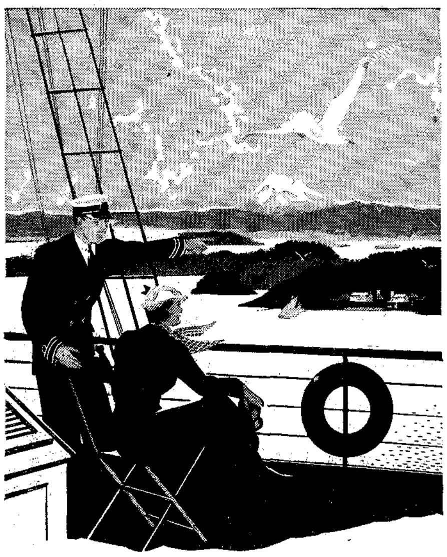

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AND
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Current Poetry

Unpublished poetry is not used in this department. Contributions unaccompanied by postage will not be returned.

LOVE COMES TO DOVER

BY LOUIS MERTINS

When springtime comes to Dover hills,
You'll find, I'm sure you'll find,
The soft tones of a gypsy voice
Upon the vagrant wind,—
And there'll be wreaths of daffodils
Which hands of love have twined.

When summer comes to Dover skies,
Half golden with the glow
Of slanting rays through purple haze,
Like sunsets long ago,—
I'll kiss your cheek,—a passing breeze
That wanders to and fro.

When autumn comes to Dover woods,
And all of nature grieves
Because the fingers of the frost
Have seared the summer sheaves,—
You'll find me in the pool of sun
Among the scarlet leaves.

When winter comes to Dover lanes,
And storm and cold are here,
I'll ride the wind's wild steeds to you
Across the snowy weir . . . .
I'll be the fire to keep you warm,
The hope to still your fear.

—*Silhouettes.*

I AM IN LOVE WITH THE EARTH NOW

BY JAMES MCBRIDE DABBS

I am in love with the earth now, for there my Love is sleeping;
Weary am I of the endless sky and the swish of the forefoot wave,
And little I care that the living air the world in warmth is steeping
Now as I stand by her grave:

Recalling a day at the sunrise when she and I were walking
Through valleys where the summer air was laden with fragrant flowers;
Aware of the woods and the autumn moods where we often wandered talking
In the quiet evening hours.

But this is an evening undreamed of then, that finds her within earth's keeping.
Beside her grave where the grasses wave I stare at the senseless mound,
And the sunlight goes from the churchyard rose and up the pine is creeping,
And the night comes up from the ground.

Too far are the meadows and orchards where the workers were busy reaping,
To disturb this place where last her face looked up to the living light.
Oh, here I would lie till Time goes by where my only Love is sleeping
In a moonless, starless night.

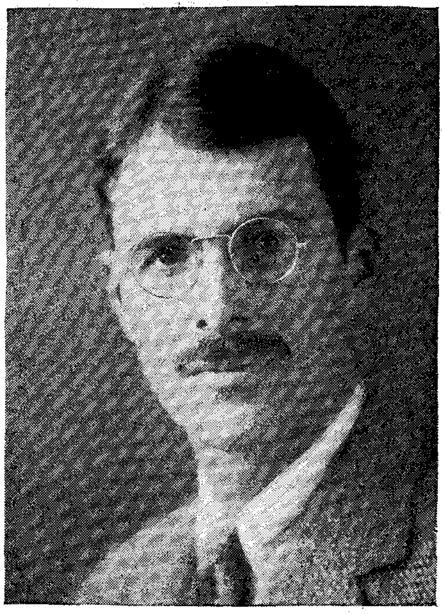
—*Driftwind.*

REAPING

BY JEAN R. MILLER

Giving you lovely, foolish things
Is buying April
For my heart.

—*Verse Craft.*



Thomas Caldecot Chubb trains setters as a pastime, writes poetry and biographies. Just now he's engaged on the life of Aretino, who, he says, "is regarded by his friends as the father of journalism." Divides his time between Connecticut and Georgia

HOUSE BUILDER

BY THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

From making stately ships to tread the seas,
Lovely as ladies are, proud-miened and fine,
His eyes and hand had learned the mysteries
Of shaping clean white wood to breathless line,
Of hewing timbers and then placing them
Strong-joisted to outlast two hundred years,
And yet resplendent as a diadem
With beauty that can move the heart to tears.
And so, most chaste in form, with fanlight frail
As cockleshell and tall white portico,
He built his gracious house and it still stands
As fair as any craft that sets full sail
To idle down smooth waves when no gales blow,
Or any temple ever made by hands.

—*The Commonweal.*

TIDES

BY FANIA KRUGER

While Mammon's silver ships are flying,
I hear the hungry children crying,
I watch the famished workers dying.

Within my veins their blood is flowing,
But where is love when the wind is blowing
And the tides of hate are growing, growing!

—*Frontier and Midland.*

ENCHANTMENT

BY LOUIS GINSBERG

Only one delicate and right
Vibration of a sound
Can make a lordly bridge's might
Crumble to the ground.

Your soft enchantment was the same:
For with a syllable,
When you were whispering my name,
All my defences fell . . .

—*Spirit*

OLD SOLDIER'S TALK

BY FRANCES HALL

He never brags of a battle
Or tells of men he killed
But sometimes when the cattle
Come home with great bags filled,
And twilight floods the sky,
He says, "War made the cows go dry.
One time I saw a starved calf die
With its shriveled mother lowing
And nowhere any green thing growing."

He never speaks of marching
With bugles ringing clear;
But when our fields were parching
One bitter, rainless year,
He said, "War hurts the land.
The place we made our final stand
Was rotten with junk and barbed wire
strand,
Brick-red with rust—I wonder
If ever they managed to plow it under."

He never talks of a buddy
Or any friendship made
In harrowed days and bloody;
But when the folks all stayed
For his birthday on the farm,
He said, "War does a lot of harm.
You nigh forget how good and warm
Your heart can feel just beating
In time to a neighbor's friendly greeting."

—*The Household Magazine.*

BITTER BREW

BY ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

On a stony acre
One fine lad may raise
A crop of purple thistles;
One, a stand of maize.

And if sweet, if bitter,
Only he is knowing
Who harvests in the autumn
That which he was sowing.

—*The American Scholar.*

DINGLE

BY JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

This is a day that I should be in Dingle
Dreaming by blue water beneath a bluer
sky,
Watching blue billows break upon the
shingle,
Watching white birds forever fleeting by.

For I recall a sky-blue day in Dingle,
Golden with sun and glittering as a star;
Eyes like the sea that made my pulses
tingle,
Hands white and comely as the sea gulls are.

This is a day that I should be in Dingle,
Nothing to do, and nothing to be done,
But watch blue billows break upon the
shingle,
The glittering birds from dove-cotes in the
sun.

—*Kaleidograph.*

REFLECTION

BY PATRICIA COLLINGE

It does no good to weep or wail or beat my
breast or curse.
This time next year—let Truth prevail!—
I'll look a little worse.

—*The Conning Tower,*
New York Herald Tribune.

Lines written during a

dust storm

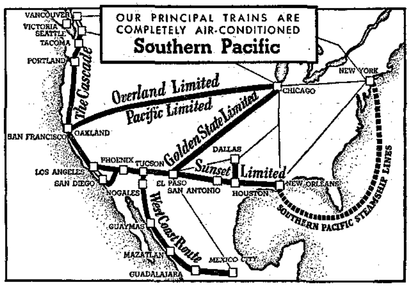
No prophet of calamity is Southern Pacific. But with another summer approaching, bringing certain hot weather and dust storms, it is timely to quote from actual letters written by passengers on air-conditioned Southern Pacific trains passing through last year's dust storms:

◆

"You couldn't see out of the window, but inside the car it was as clear and fresh as if in another world."

◆

"These air-conditioned cars have more than justified their reputations. Scarcely a nose full of dust has penetrated the sealed windows and doors, and the air, filtered through water, comes in pure and crisp. How I shudder to think of the fate that awaits motorists trapped on the highway and farmers caught in the path of the storm."



Wise travelers California-bound this year will choose Southern Pacific's air-conditioned trains, escape summer heat and dust. Low summer roundtrip fares across the continent start May 15.

Go one way, return another

To travelers eager to get more for their money, Southern Pacific offers its famed Four Scenic Routes, urges people to go on one and return on another, see a different part of the United States each way. This type of roundtrip ticket costs little if any more than the straight "back and forth" type.

Western roll call

Teeming with western wonders are Southern Pacific's 16,000 miles of line. A partial list: Apache Trail, Big Trees, Carlsbad Caverns, Crater Lake, California Exposition at San Diego, Chiricahua National Monument, Del Monte, Sequoia and General Grant National Parks, Great Salt Lake, the Gold Country, High Sierra, Hollywood, Lake Tahoe, Lassen Volcanic National Park, Monterey Peninsula, Mt. Shasta, New Orleans, Oregon Caves, Pacific Northwest, Redwood Empire, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Southern Arizona, Southern California, Texas Centennial Exposition at Dallas, West Coast of Mexico, White Sands National Monument, Yosemite.

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The booklet, "How best to see the whole Pacific Coast" tells the story of Southern Pacific's Four Scenic Routes and the western lands they serve. For your copy, write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. LD-51, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago.

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POPULAR MECHANICS

Science and Medicine

BLASTING ATOM Science Going Underground to Test Electric Panther of Matchless Energy

While the world cringes before the specter of a war in which cities may be blasted to atoms, three peaceful American scientists are perfecting a "gun" to blast the atoms.

Their "smasher" will be powered with the force of 15,000,000 volts of electricity, more potent than many a tree-shivering lightning stroke.

To protect themselves from flesh-piercing fragments and from x-rays strong enough to kill, the scientists will bury themselves and their machine in twin underground chambers.

There they hope, by shooting particles smaller than one-millionth of an inch in diameter, to transform one substance into another.

These modern alchemists are Dr. Merle Antony Tuve, Dr. Lawrence Randolph Hafstad, and Dr. Odd Dahl, of the Carnegie Institution in Washington. This week, before the American Physical Society in Washington, they modestly explained their plan, more daring than anything conceived by H. G. Wells in his scientific romances of other worlds, and "The Shape of Things to Come."

For five years they have worked with a miniature copy of their proposed "nutcracker"—a trifling pigmy capable of developing only 1,200,000 volts.

Other similar devices now in use harness power up to 6,000,000 volts, and a huge machine is being constructed by Dr. Robert J. Van de Graaff at Round Hill, Massachusetts, designed to generate up to 10,000,000 volts.

Concentrated Energy—But the Carnegie trio, ready and eager to go on to bigger things, point the way to physicists everywhere by calmly proposing to build an atom-smasher calculated to provide the greatest single source of concentrated energy in the world.

Such a tremendous amount of energy, however, can be controlled only with the greatest difficulty. For ordinary insulators are impotent as straw before the staggering impact of such an "electric panther." And when artificial lightning does not discharge its current into the ground, it sometimes shrivels the bodies of human experimenters.

To overcome this danger, the Carnegie experimenters plan to enclose their entire apparatus in a sixty-foot sphere of metal, insulated on the inside and filled with dry air under terrific pressure—one of the best insulators known.

This pressure sphere and its deadly powerful bombardment howitzer will be half-buried in the side of a hill. Deep in the earth beneath it will be the bombarding chamber proper, where the high-speed particles, shot with the full, shattering force of 15,000,000 volts, crash headlong into targets of metals, transforming them into other elements.

To shield themselves from the blinding rays and flying fragments, the scientists will require a second underground chamber, insulated from the bombarding chamber by compressed air, earth, concrete, and water.

This multiple wall, they believe, will

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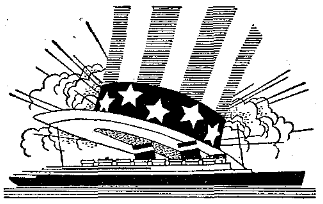

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prevent the tiny invisible particles—more deadly than dynamite—from ripping them to bits as they watch their flight into the wide reaches of space.

Atomic Splinters—At the University of California, in Berkeley, where Prof. Ernest Orlando Lawrence is experimenting with a smaller atom-smashing machine, tests have shown that these flying atomic splinters destroy the white blood cells of experimental animals.

Certain death is the result within a few hours after exposure.

For this reason, Professor Lawrence and his helpers remain at a distance of eighty feet from their "bomber" while it is in operation.

But the 15,000,000-volt Carnegie smasher will be at least three times as dangerous. Its sponsors readily admit that forces nobody will understand may be loosed by such a prodigious outpouring of matchless energy.

Certainly their experiment will be as spectacular, and as important to science as a whole, as the building of the giant 200-inch telescope now in process of completion at the California Institute of Technology, in Pasadena. Indeed, the Carnegie pioneers have referred to their apparatus as "a 200-inch telescope for studies of the atomic world."

What new discoveries will come from these studies of atoms can not be predicted; the students themselves do not know. But they are of enormous potentiality.

Eighty years ago Michael Faraday, an English chemist, was making experiments with a mysterious force called "electricity." His work seemed as impractical and visionary then as the atom-smashing experiments to-day.

Yet Thomas A. Edison, forty years later, recognized the economic meaning of Faraday's work.

To-day electricity lights the world and does its daily chores.

SOFT STEEL Aviation's Men of Iron Subject to Fraying of Nerves, Science Politely Explains

Glimpsed from his turretlike cubicle, the pilot of a big air-liner looks calm enough as he sits with riveted attention before his dashboard of complicated scientific instruments.

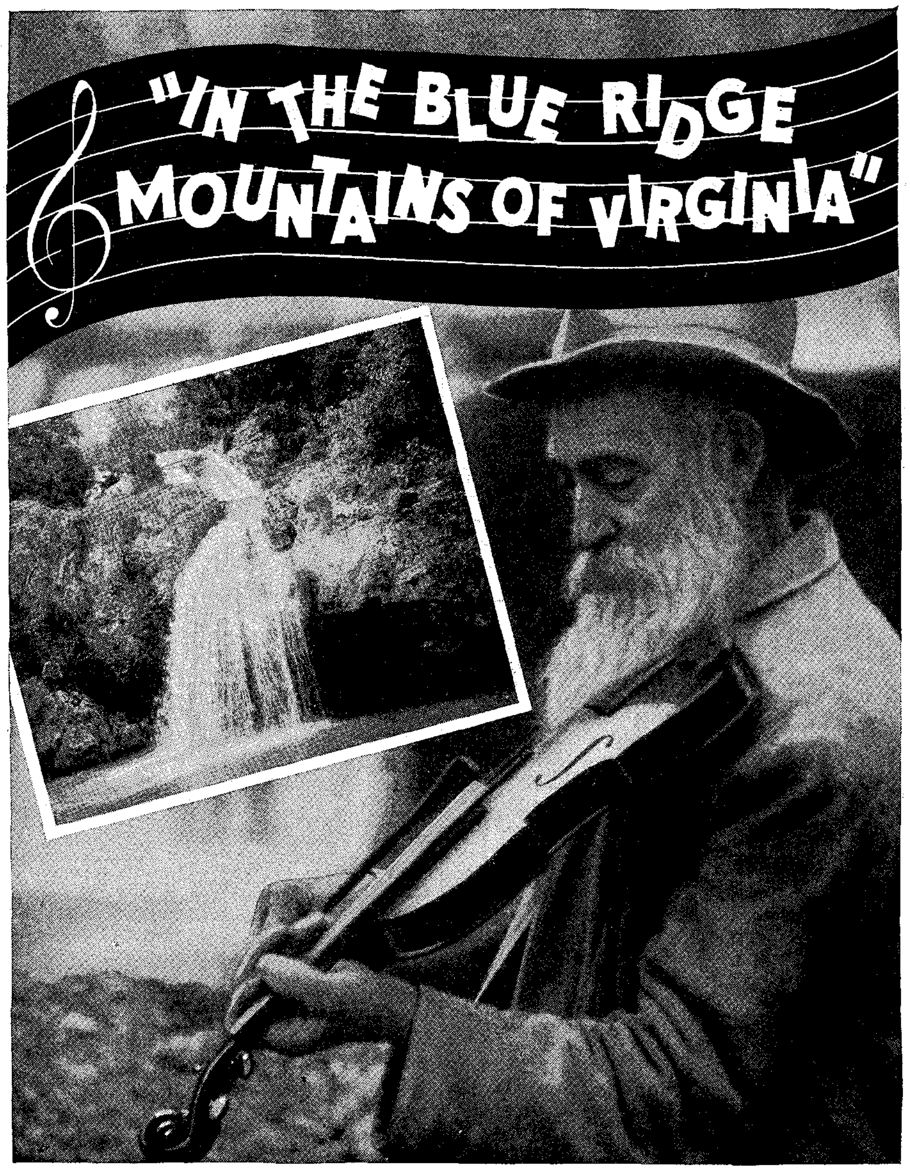
The truth is he is often a bundle of frayed nerves, which, if he stays from ten to fifteen years in the air, may lead to an attack of "aeroneurosis."

The presence of this disease among the men who fly the passenger air-lanes was described last week by Dr. Harry G. Armstrong, a captain in the United States Army Medical Corps.

Writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* the Army physician says the disease attacks only an aviator and that it is the eventual price he pays for the strain of his job.

A man of steel with a marvelous array of highly accurate instruments at his disposal, the modern pilot is nevertheless constantly under emotional stress, says Doctor Armstrong.

There is for him, as he zooms through the air, a never-ending fear of accidents and of economic and social insecurity. Deep in his subconscious the powerful instinct of self-preservation is never asleep,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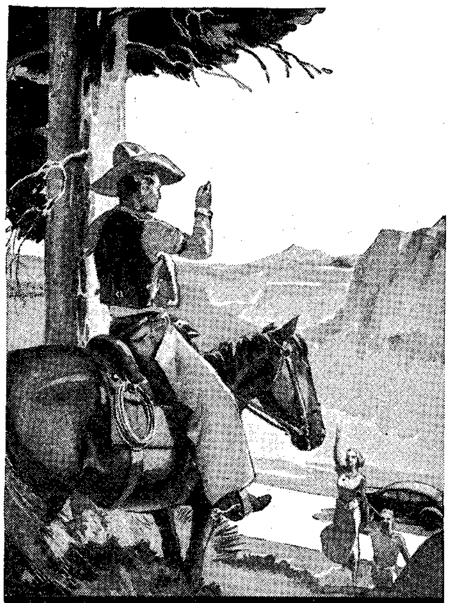

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and gradually it undermines his self-confidence.

His career also is constantly in jeopardy. He knows that twice a year he must pass a physical examination from which disease or a minor accident may bar him.

The pilot knows, too, that he will reach the peak of his efficiency early. The chances are that when he is between thirty and forty a youngster will outmaneuver, outlast, and outdare him at the controls.

The "aging" pilot's days now are numbered, and he looks gloomily down through the clouds to a ground station with loss of air caste and a slice of his salary.

Gnawing Worries—All of these worries eat at his nerves as he pulls this lever, turns that dial.

He is an easy victim of irritability, stomach distress, sleeplessness, ceaseless activity, or mental exhaustion.

If all of these overtake him, the likelihood is he has aeroneurosis, according to Doctor Armstrong, who thinks that more than a physician is needed in treatment of the patient.

Doctor Armstrong writes that the problem calls for suitable compensation, "either ego-stimulating or monetary," for the victim.

He would give the pilot as an antidote the assurance later of an executive or administrative ground position and pay while flying that would be commensurate with the risks.

He has observed eighteen cases of aeroneurosis, and reported in his article that one victim died subsequently of natural causes and ten others as the result of accidents.

Meanwhile greater safety becomes the watchword of the air-lanes, and this means grueling concentration for the pilot. The instrument dashboard lengthens, air-planes become second only to railway trains in transportation safety, but the pilot's nerves get worse.

HEALTHIEST CITIES Half-Dozen in U. S. Selected by Measuring Rods of Business and Health

Some day cities will make their chief appeal for new industries and new residents by pointing to their records for keeping their citizens healthy.

When that time comes, Detroit; Oakland, California; Syracuse and Schenectady, New York; Brookline, Massachusetts; and Hibbing, Minnesota, will be a lap ahead of other communities in the United States.

They have just been selected as the country's healthiest cities for 1935, by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the American Public Health Association.

In their population groups these cities have the best water supplies, have more children protected against diphtheria and smallpox, give more expectant mothers prenatal care, have the finest milk supplies, and use the most effective measures for the control of tuberculosis and venereal diseases of any in the country.

The healthiest counties in the United States were found to be Westchester County, New York; Davidson County, Tennessee; Shawnee County, Kansas; El Paso County, Texas; Glynn County, Georgia, and Santa Barbara County, California.

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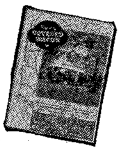

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COORDINATING 72 MUSCLES OF SPEECH

Scientists Classify and Treat Millions of the Tongue-Tangled

Do you st-t-t-t-utter?

If so, says Dr. Alfred Adler, you are probably vain. If criminal-minded, you will be a petty criminal. The noted Viennese psychologist adds that stutterers among criminals do not murder; they go in mostly for small-time theft.

About a million Americans stutter. But for every one whose tongue tangles in consonants, there are twelve and one-half persons handicapped by other speech defects. The commonest offenders either:

1. Lisp; 2. talk through their noses; 3. have "monopitch voices"; 4. mumble; 5. gibber; articulate indistinctly, or, 6. rattle baby-talk.

And little wonder, remarks Dr. William Norwood Brigance in *The Woman's Home Companion*. For, explains this vigorous, slenderish professor of speech in Wabash College, Indiana, speech requires the simultaneous, intricately modulated use of thirty-six pairs of muscles.

Prevention as well as cure, he feels, begins in infancy. The earliest age at which normal children begin to speak is between eight and nine months. Three factors can put it off.

Mental deficiency is one. But if the parents are normal and the child plays, laughs, or otherwise behaves typically, that probably is not the cause.

Need of Incentive—Incentive is another. Speech is not acquired until there is either a desire or necessity for it.

Or, says the Hoosier schoolmaster, it may be that waxed floors or stiff-soled shoes are retarding conversation. "Investigations show," he says, "that the greatest speech gain in normal children follows shortly after they learn to walk. In short, learning to walk is the normal prelude to learning to talk."

In other words, don't protect the child from bumps and falls. Let him crawl, then walk.

If a child does not begin to talk before the twenty-fifth month there may be no cause for alarm. But parents should realize that some obstacle exists, and the child should be taken to a speech clinic or a child specialist for examination. For, if speech is delayed too long, the muscular system loses its flexibility, and the child may never learn fully to master it.

For adults who have missed these timely preventives, there is always a cure. "But," warns Doctor Adler, "if you want to improve speech, you must improve the whole personality."

Heartily agreeing, Dr. James Sonnett Greene of New York tells of curing thousands of stutterers in the last dozen years by treating their personalities.

This week the Medical Director of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders described his work before the Medical Society of the State of New York. There is, he said, a "stutter type" of personality.

Chronic Hesitater—"The stutter type is a chronic hesitater," he said. "His motor overflow shows itself in hesitating technical performance. There are those who stutter on the piano or violin; others who make a typewriter stutter; hundreds who betray their hesitation in dancing, golfing, driving an automobile."

Each "patient" at the National Hospital receives a thorough medical and psychological examination. Stutterers are divided into groups, or clubs. They elect chairmen, hold meetings, give speeches, dances, and entertainments. In short, they lose self-consciousness.

Largest of these clubs is the Ephphatha. *"Slow-Easy"* is its motto. One of the requirements for joining is ability to pronounce the name without stumbling.

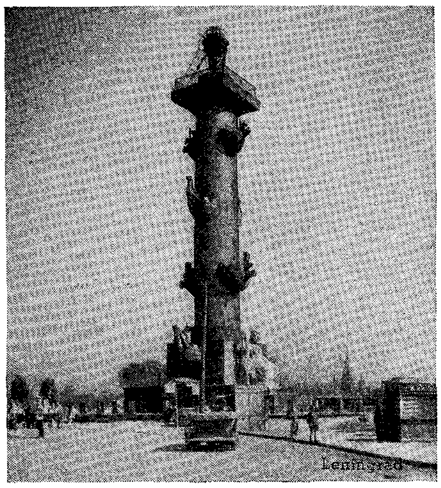
Many of Doctor Greene's "graduates" have become successful lawyers and even actors. One of the best known is Albert Bigelow Paine, the writer, who stammered for fifty years before the National Hospital cured him.

About eight times as many men stutter as women. Stutterers are as intelligent as normal people.

Stuttering is not inherited, but the "stutter-type" runs in families.

If you are worried about your diction, try "The sea ceaseth and sufficeth us" on your larynx. If you can negotiate that, you are not one of the 13,500,000 Americans with speech defects.

In the kindergarten of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders, children play games which help teach them the coordination of bodies and brains



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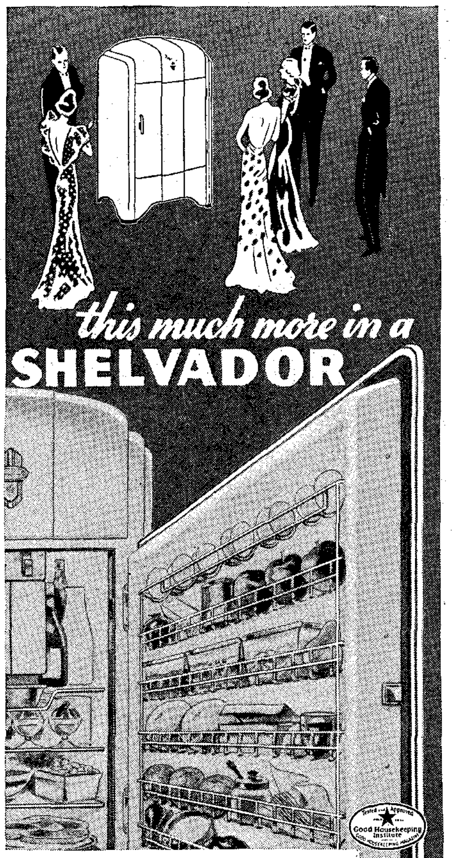

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Changing Public Taste Is Shown in Selection of Year's Winners

Last year the American public shelled out $700,000,000 on radios; the broadcasting companies spent another $110,000,000. The programs went 'round and around and came out of 60,000,000 sets. Was it worth such an amazing outlay?

That was the bee in the smart Paris bonnet of jolly little Mme. Yolanda Mero-Irion, of New York. So in September, 1934, she founded a nation-wide radio jury—the Women's National Radio Committee—with headquarters in New York and a train of critical listeners from there to Catalina Island.

Last week in Manhattan's Hotel Astor the Committee, speaking for 20,000,000 women in every county of the United States, awarded its second annual cluster of prizes for the best programs of the year. To the sponsors of the four winners and ten runners-up Anning S. Prall, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, handed engraved scrolls. Said Mr. Prall: "These are symbolic of a cause in which the listening public and the broadcasting industry are both vitally interested—the improvement of radio programs."

Awards—The award for the "best program of light music" went to the Cities Service concerts featuring Jessica Dragonette, soprano, and the Revelers Quartet. Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians received honorable mention in this group.

First for non-musical programs in the field of drama, comedy, or variety was captured by Rudy Vallee's Varieties, with the notation that "since he first went on the air (in 1929) he has developed from a crooner into a master showman," and that "in the past few months the advertising on his program has improved." Runners-up in this division were Jack Benny for comedy, with Fred Allen and Burns and Allen following; Leslie Howard for drama; "One Man's Family" for serials; followed by "Today's Children," "Vic and Sade," and "Forever Young."

"The American Town Meeting of the Air," the only sustaining program to win a first, was adjudged the best in the educational field. "The American School of the Air" was runner-up, followed by "The Chicago University Round Table."

Best children's program was "Wilderness Road." "The American School of the Air" was runner-up in this group, also, with "the Damrosch Appreciation Hour" and the "Singing Lady" next in line.

Nothing Serious—No award was made this year for the best program of serious music, Mme. Mero-Irion explained, because no program of this nature was considered "up to the standards of high musical leadership set by the committee."

Others may disagree with the accuracy of this test as a popularity pulse. Studio fan-mail sorters and readers will tell you that "the Gospel Singer" and "Honeyboy" and "Sassafras" are getting more "puffs" than any one else. Fan magazines report that sobbing torch troubadours and swing bands are fast coming to the top of the heap. Telephone surveys of listeners-in will reveal tastes as catholic as they are varied.

But the Women's National Radio Committee is not interested in popularity polls or the comparative pulling powers of this or that program in terms of merchandise sold. It was founded with the express purpose of cleaning up certain self-evident abuses, and then holding the sponsors, broadcasting networks, and entertainers in line by crusading against the objectionable and placing a premium on excellence.

One of its first battles was against medical programs. When it had driven them from the field it turned its attention to other forms of straight advertising that either bored or offended members. Then it began hammering away at the relative amount of time being given over to the sponsor's blurbs and build-ups, warring relentlessly on the "now remember, folks—you can get one at your nearest druggist's"

Ray Lee Jackson Photographs

Featured in broadcasts which won awards from the Women's National Radio Committee: Jessica Dragonette, of the "Best Program of Light Music," and George V. Denny, Jr., Chairman of "the American Town Meeting of the Air," the "Best Educational Program" school. As a result, Columbia adopted a change of policy which cut commercial announcements to a maximum of 10 per cent. of the broadcast period. "We want more than anything," says Executive Secretary Luella S. Laudin, bustling, roly-poly Editor of the Committee's *Radio Review*, "to avoid being righteous, smug. We are earnest women pioneering where the returns can only be in the form of satisfaction."

The Committee is aided by twenty-seven cooperating organizations, including the American Association of University Women, the Association of the Junior Leagues of America, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the D. A. R., and the W. C. T. U.

Millions of Ballots—Ballots go out to all 20,000,000 members of the Committee, to subscribers of the magazine *Radio Review*, to all who request them,

It is this tremendous cross-sectional force which has heaped anathema on blues sisters, amateur hours, blood-and-thunder children's programs, and "true confessions" of the air.

AIR LANGUAGE Choice of a World Tongue to Widen Appreciation Is Proposed

The ardent radio fan may be able to get Athens easily enough; what comes over the air from the Acropolis is more than likely to be Greek to him.

Right there, says E. H. Scott, head of the Scott Radio Laboratories in Chicago, is the biggest problem confronting the industry to-day. If you can't understand what is being said, he argues, nine-tenths of the pleasure in making the distant short-wave connection is lost.

What he proposes to do about it is to set up an international language for the radio—perhaps Ido, Esperanto, modernized Latin, or basic English.

"International hatreds and jealousies born out of provincialism will never be solved through Geneva conferences alone," he warns. "The solution to wide-spread good-will among nations can best be brought about by an intelligently leavened world language."

University Arbiters—Because he believes that to further his plan it would be necessary to set up chairs in whatever language is selected in colleges, universities, and secondary schools, he intends to make a swing around the country conferring with the heads of the modern language departments of several universities. Several of these arbiters of speech already have met him half-way.

Dr. William A. Nitze, Chairman of the Department of Romance Languages at the University of Chicago, does not favor Esperanto. "It has never accomplished much in this direction," he feels. "I think basic English would be readily accepted by the people and the Governments."

"Any synthetic language such as Esperanto or Ido has little or no chance of being spread by means of radio," says Prof. Edwin B. Place of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, who prefers a "living language."

New Yorkers eyed Mr. Scott's plan hopefully, albeit skeptically, remembering the international language campaign conducted by Station WRNY and *Radio News*, which died from lack of interest in eighteen months.

. . . A VITAL MESSAGE TO MEN WHOSE FEET ACHE

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If your city isn't listed, write for name of dealer

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Dallas Volk Bros. Co.
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Denver The Fontius Co.
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This lapel button identifies Graduates of the Wright Arch Preserver Institute

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"My feet didn't torture me—at first. They just ached a little. Then more. Finally every step hurt. I began slowing down . . . and slipping on my job. One day a friend suggested: 'Get a pair of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes.' I only wish I'd started wearing them months before and prevented the awful suffering I went through."

No need to go shopping for foot comfort. Wright Arch Preserver Shoes—for years—have been giving relief and comfort to thousands of foot sufferers—and sensible protection to thousands more with sound, healthy feet. They're the shoes doctors recommend—and wear themselves.

Smart looking . . . splendidly built . . . 86 different styles . . . and FOUR exclusive, foot health features. No other men's shoe has them. (1) Spring steel arch, firmly anchored. (2) Metatarsal elevation. (3) Flat forepart, crosswise. (4) Accurate over-all fitting of foot AND arches.

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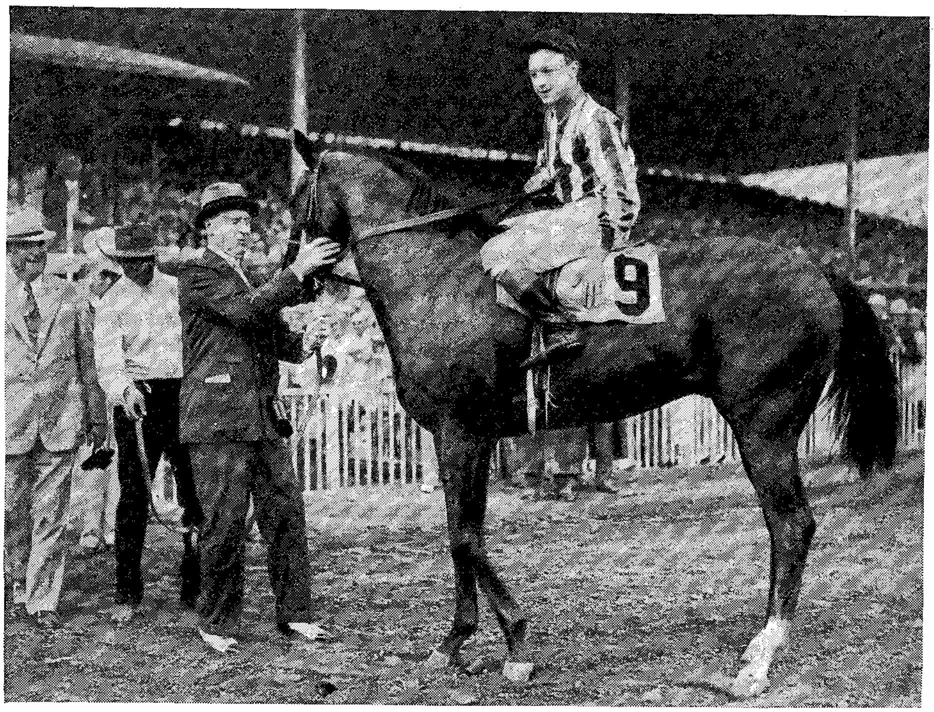
KENTUCKY DERBY HOLDS FASCINATION

Crowds From All Over World Again Drawn to Colorful Race



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Will they break the Widener "jinx"?—Brevity, favored to win the Kentucky Derby, with his owner, Joseph E. Widener, and his jockey, Wayne Wright

There is something about a Kentucky Derby that sets it apart from every other sporting event in the world.

It is not the oldest race, nor the richest, nor even the fastest test of three-year-olds in this country.

But somehow, along the course of its sixty-one-year history, the Derby has come to be synonymous in popular imagination with the finest traditions of American sport.

This week huge crowds from all over the world have been pouring into Louisville in special cars and in excursion-coaches, in buses and in limousines, in air-planes and even in paddle-wheel steamboats. They have entered enthusiastically into the spirit of Louisville's Carnival Week, that curious blend of a *fiesta* in Spain, a Mardi Gras in New Orleans, and a New Year's Eve everywhere.

Cosmopolitan Crowd—There are those who have never seen a horse race before, and just as many who know the background of every thoroughbred entered in the Derby. There are race-track touts and millionaire owners, office boys and bank presidents, movie actors and Cabinet members.

Every one of them has been drawn to Louisville by the fancied atmosphere of blue-grass thoroughbreds and southern hospitality, of Kentucky Colonels and mint juleps, that makes the Derby a thing apart. For, as Irvin S. Cobb once said, until you see a Kentucky Derby, "You ain't never been nowhere and you ain't never seen nothin'."

On Saturday afternoon probably more than 60,000 people will pack Louisville's Churchill Downs course.

Kansas City sportsmen and Chicago gamblers will drop last-minute arguments to sing, with possibly a trace of a Southern accent, as the strains of "My Old Kentucky Home" come blaring over the loud-speakers and the score of blooded horses start the last long parade to the post.

Then, with the thrilling "They're off!" the thoroughbreds will start the breath-taking mile and a quarter dash that leads to a gold cup, a $40,000 purse and the immortality that goes to every Derby winner.

Swift Finale—In a little more than two minutes it will be all over, this race for which spectators have been enduring all sorts of minor hardships, and for which owners and trainers have been preparing even before their entry was born.

For the Kentucky Derby holds even more fascination for the owner and trainer than it does for the spectator. In all history only one man has ever won the Derby four times. And scarcely more than fifty owners have won it even once.

"When you speak of developing a Kentucky Derby candidate," writes James E. Fitzsimmons, trainer of two winners, Gallant Fox and Omaha, in *Horse and Horseman*, "you generally have in mind that part of the work which starts when the horse goes into active training.

Long Preparation—"As a matter of fact, the real beginning, the most important part of the whole process, starts nearly four years earlier in the imagination of some sportsman, when he decides to match his knowledge of breeding and blood-lines against that of other horsemen in what so often proves a futile effort to produce the winner of that historic race."

One owner who knows the difficulty of producing a Derby winner is Joseph E. Widener. In 1927 his colt Osmand was considered unbeatable, but lost to Whiskery by a head. Seven years later Peace Chance set a mile record a few days before the Derby but finished far behind the famous Cavalcade.

Last year Widener's Chance Sun was a future book favorite during the early betting. He went wrong in training and was withdrawn from the Derby.

This year's Widener entry, a spectacular colt named Brevity, is the shortest-priced future betting favorite in Derby history. But racing followers have not forgotten the "Widener jinx."

Neither have they forgotten the unparalleled success of a Kentuckian, Col. Edward R. Bradley, winner of four Derbies. For this reason many a Kentuckian will "string along with Bradley," no matter what horse he enters.

The largest purse in Derby history was $55,375, won by Willis Sharpe Kilmer's Reigh Count, in 1928. The smallest purse, $2,850, went to Aristides, winner of the first Kentucky Derby of 1875.

Twenty Grand set the record for the Derby in 1931, when he won the mile and a quarter race in 2:01 4/5.

There are richer races and older ones in the country. But there is something about a Kentucky Derby that makes it the one race that owners would prefer winning to any other.

CURTIS CUP PLAY Women Golfers to Compete at Scene of Game by Queen

One February day in 1567 political enemies spied Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, idly swatting a golf ball about the fields near Seton Castle in Scotland. Joyfully they broadcast the news as proof of her indifference to the recent murder of her husband.

However truthful the sixteenth century gossipers were, they founded the legend that Mary was the first woman golfer in history.

In the 369 intervening years women's golfing ability has developed to an astonishing degree. With their increased proficiency women players have developed an interest in organized competitive golf and, more recently, in international matches.

Amateur Competition—Scarcely fifty miles from the scene of Mary's purported golfing experiments, the best women amateurs of Great Britain and America will compete next Wednesday, at Gleneagles in the Perthshire Highlands, for the Curtis Cup.

Donation of the Curtis Cup in 1932 climaxed more than thirty years of informal competition between American and foreign players. The cup was given by two former American champions, the Misses Harriot S. and Margaret Curtis, whose match for the title in 1907 is probably the only instance on record of sisters competing in the final round of a golf championship.

During the informal competition American teams consistently lost to the British. But in 1932 the United States won the first Curtis Cup match at Wentworth, England, and two years later outscored the British players again at the Chevy Chase Club near Washington.

The matches are held biennially and are played alternately in the United States and Great Britain.

Captain of the American team is Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, six times winner of the national championship. In the final round of the 1932 Berthellyn Cup tournament, Mrs. Vare shot a sixty-nine, one stroke under men's par, for the course and the lowest score ever made by a woman in this country.

Most sensational of the American players is Patty Berg, eighteen-year-old Minneapolis high school girl, who was runner-up to Mrs. Vare for the 1935 national title. Red-haired, heavily freckled, the team's youngest member concentrates intently on her game and considers dress designing her second favorite pastime.

Veteran Player—Oldest player on the team and Patty Berg's roommate on the trip is Mrs. Opal S. Hill, a veteran international player and 1935 Western amateur champion. Others on the team are Mrs. Maureen Orcutt Crews, Charlotte Glutting, Marion Miley, Mrs. Leona D. Cheney, and Mrs. Frank Goldthwaite.

The American players were drawn from every section of the country, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Florida, New Jersey, Kentucky, California, Texas, and Minnesota each rating one representative.

To experts the omission of Miss Diana Fishwick from the British team was a distinct surprize. At nineteen she won the 1930 British championship and the following year, on the Ranelagh course near London, shot a sixty-six, two under men's par and believed to be a world record for women.

Youngest Player—Youngest of the British players is Miss Pamela Barton, nineteen, whose occasional bursts of temperament are in direct contrast to Patty Berg's placidity in competition. Last year in the British championships Miss Barton caused a caddies' strike by dismissing her own caddy.

Most competent member of the British team is Miss Wanda Morgan, who last year mastered her chronic nervousness before spectators long enough to win the open championship.

Only Irish member is Mrs. J. B. Walker, chaperone for the 1934 Curtis Cup team, and present Australian champion.

Five days after the Curtis Cup matches, players of both teams will enter the British women's open championship. In its forty-three-year history, it has never been won by an American.

Acme

Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, Captain of the United States Curtis Cup team in England

You missed your coffee* and missed your train,
The market is acting sick again . . .
A shipment is missing in Timbuctoo,
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And all the ills to which man is heir
Are getting into your graying hair . . .
Then one thing stands like a beacon light,
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So dig for coin, buy a pack of your own
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Compose yourself
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Beech-Nut
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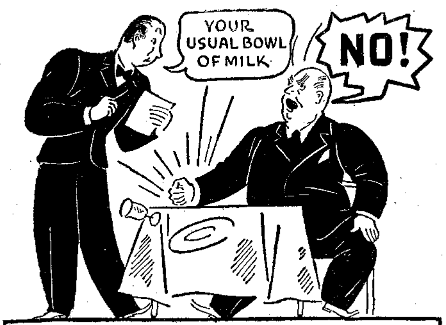
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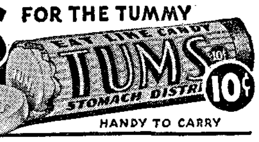

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Sport Shots

Hunter's $4,010—A licensed New Jersey hunter is entitled to shoot every year, according to *Game Breeder & Sportsman*, the following game: 1 buck deer, 30 male pheasants, 350 quail, 420 rabbits, 210 gray squirrels, 105 ruffed grouse and 105 Hungarian partridges. The license costs $3.10. The game, alive, is worth $4,010.

* * *

Brick by Brick—Nebraska Central College, a Quaker school in Central City, is the smallest in the world with a full athletic program. Recently its seventy-nine students started soliciting materials for a gymnasium. When their first week's drive netted 8,000 bricks and 1,000 tiles, Central undergraduates were confident of collecting enough for a "Gym by June."

* * *

Speed—and Death—Only five men have traveled, except in the air, faster than 200 miles an hour, and all have done it within the past nine years. Of the five all except one, Sir Malcolm Campbell, have been killed, three of them in automobiles. The other survived breakneck automobile races but was eventually killed in a speed-boat.

* * *

Bowling Low—Expert bowlers have exceeded 800 points for three games. In a recent factory tournament in Pekin, Illinois, Henry Waldon bowled 50 on his first and 42 on his second attempt. In his last game he rolled twenty times without touching a single pin and set a probable new low record of 92 for the three games.

* * *

Husky Sport—One of America's popular sports is corn-husking. Last November at Newtown, Indiana, "The All-Sports Record Book" reports, 110,000 people watched Elmer Carlson win the world's championship by husking 41.52 bushels, or 2,995 pounds of corn, in eighty minutes.

* * *

Holing in One—A golfer's chances of making a hole in one are approximately one in 20,000. But in twenty-six years Ralph A. Kennedy, New York enthusiast, has played 117,000 holes of golf, only two of which he has made in one shot.

* * *

Olympian Greek—Altho the Greeks originated the Olympic Games and were champions, with the Romans, for hundreds of years, Greece has never been prominent in modern Olympiads. But in 1896 at Athens when a Greek peasant, S. Loues, won the first Marathon run, Athenian women flung jewelry at his feet, a hotel-keeper gave him an order for 365 meals and even a bootblack promised him free shoe-shines for the rest of his life.

* * *

Miles and Years—A seventy-year-old Englishman, Trevor Davis, runs ten miles cross-country every week, a practise he started fifty years ago. During that time Davis estimates he has run more than 25,000 miles.

* * *

A Long Draw—In the old days of bare-knuckle fighting a round ended when a man was knocked down. In England in 1849 one fight went 185 rounds and lasted slightly more than six hours, "The All-Sports Record Book" says.

STOP Your Rupture Worries!

C. E. Brooks
Inventor

Why worry and suffer any longer? Learn about our perfected invention for all forms of reducible rupture. Automatic air cushion acting as an agent to assist Nature has brought happiness to thousands. *Permits natural strengthening of the weakened muscles.* Weighs but a few ounces, is inconspicuous and sanitary. No obnoxious springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. **SENT ON TRIAL** to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write today for full information sent free in plain envelope. All correspondence confidential.

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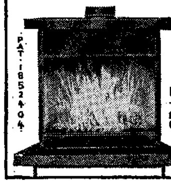

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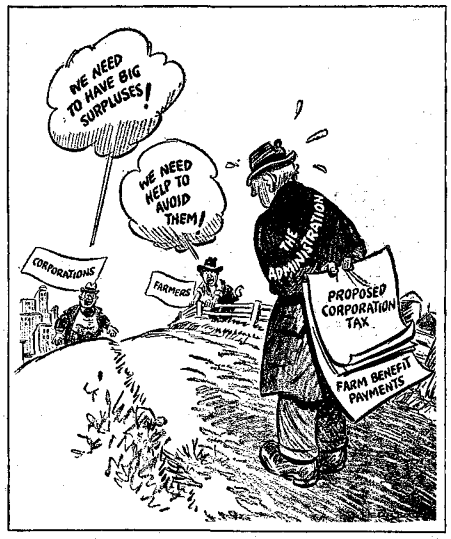
Finance and Industry

MUDDLE OVER "SIMPLIFIED" TAX BILL

Levy on Corporation Income to House; Senate May Rewrite It



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Oh! If Only It Were T'other Way 'Round
—Herblock for NEA Service

Into the hoppers of the House of Representatives in Washington last week came the new tax bill, out of the hands of Democrats on the House Ways and Means Committee.

Introduced almost seven weeks to the minute after President Roosevelt startled the country with his suggestion to tax the undistributed income of corporations, it roughly followed the lines of the President's request.

The measure, a voluminous document of 249 pages, and more than 60,000 words, imposed a tax on corporation net income graduated according to percentages held in reserve. Likewise it struck at processors "unduly enriched" through tax funds gained through AAA invalidation, by levying a windfall tax of 80 per cent. on these funds.

Through these and smaller levies, Democratic Committee members estimated the bill would raise $803,000,000 for the first year, and at least $620,000,000 annually when its permanent provisions come in full operation. It met the President's request for permanent funds, but failed to meet his temporary demands over a three-year period by $334,000,000.

G.O.P. Ire—Republican Committee members, who had not seen the bill until it was introduced, issued a minority report, assailing the measure as "another step" toward the regimentation of all business. "It is not designed to raise revenues, but is admittedly another New Deal experiment," they said.

But most observers agreed with the Kansas City *Star* that "the bill now before the House is in such a mess that a rewriting will be required in the Senate."

Bernard Kilgore told his *Wall Street Journal* readers that they would be even more confused if they had the text before them, and said "nine out of ten Congressmen are just as befuddled as you are."

"It is a practical certainty," said the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "that no corporation would be able to ascertain its obligations under it without a battery of interpreters. The President called for a 'great simplification in tax procedure.' The Committee has responded by devising an appalling involvement of it."

"The present Administration bill is uncertain, inadequately studied, messy, and almost a pure gamble," noted the Des Moines *Tribune*. "Politically, it is probably smart. Socially, the idea may be correct. But, practically, the impetuous technique in such legislation is self-defeating."

Lost Logic—While the Los Angeles *Times* charged "it is not intentionally anything except an effort to obey unintelligent orders with a minimum of personal political damage to its writers," the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* was "not even sure that economic policies involved are safe, adequate, and generally beneficial."

"There is not much that can be done with it except to pass it," the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* declared. "It might be logical for the House to refuse to have anything to do with such a travesty on legislation—simply to vote it down. But the Democrats have no idea of following any such logical procedure."

"It can be appreciated from the history of corporate earnings during the depression," the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* said, "that a policy which restricts prudent management to an arbitrary, and, in many cases, inadequate, provision for the hazards of business, will weaken business, and intensify the evils of hard times when they arrive. If Congress does enact the new tax, it will probably be short-lived."

"Such a tax," said the Hartford *Courant*, "is not one that can be devised on the instant. When the President recommended it, he evidently believed that it could be imposed in such a manner as to simplify the whole corporate tax structure. The Committee on Ways and Means has found precisely the contrary to be the case. Instead of simplifying corporate taxation, the effort to impose the new levy has resulted in complicating it beyond description."

FULL LARDER General Foods Advertises Its Brand-Names Far and Wide

Ask housewives what products General Foods Corporation sells and the replies probably would be vague. Ask them what products such brand-names as Postum, Jell-O, Maxwell House, Calumet, and some eighty others stand for, and the answers undoubtedly would be reasonably accurate.

The reason is advertising—the kind that blasts brand-names home with nearly every legitimate means of publicity.

Top corporate unit of a food family containing some fifty subsidiaries, General Foods cheered its stockholders last week by reporting earnings for the first quarter of 1935 of $4,067,150, the most favorable of any three months since the first quarter of 1932.

The big company draws its earnings

What a Dad!

"I use a Schick Shaver. Your grandfather does and here's one for you." Boys just beginning to shave, men with tough beards and tender skins, older men with deeply-wrinkled cheeks—all get quick, close shaves. There are NO BLADES in the Schick Shaver—so they cannot possibly cut themselves nor feel the slightest discomfort. NO LATHER—so they may shave without even removing the collar! A thousand men a day are being converted to Schick Shaving. ASK YOUR DEALER to show you a Schick Shaver. If there is no dealer near you, send $15 direct to Dept. J.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER
Operates on AC and DC

KLEEN-RITE
REFILLABLE
TOOTHBRUSH
COMPLETE 20c

The small brush dentists recommend. Genuine resilient stiff sterilized bristles. Bakelite non-breakable handle.

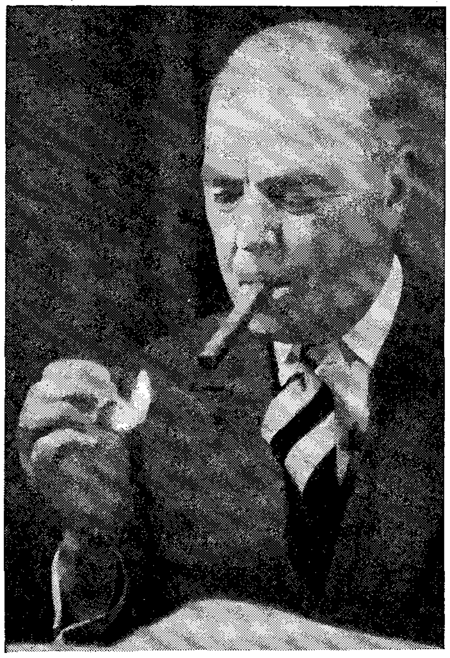
REFILLS 10c

Will last for years. When the bristles show signs of wear, substitute a REFILL and you have a new brush. The brush cannot come out until removed for a new one. This economical, germproof brush will clean your teeth thoroughly and properly. Order a supply for the whole family.

On sale at 5 and 10 cent stores and others. If not available fill in coupon.

ROBERT E. MILLER, Inc., 35 Pearl St., New York

Gentlemen: Please send me postpaid a KLEENRITE REFILLABLE TOOTH BRUSH, for which I enclose 20c. I have checked color I prefer. (If REFILLS are desired add 10c for each.)
COLORS: RED ☐ ORANGE ☐ BLUE ☐
LAVENDER ☐ DARK GREEN ☐
LIGHT GREEN ☐
NAME ....
STREET ....
CITY .... STATE ....



Rudolph H. Hoffmann Photo

General Foods' General: Colby M. Chester

chiefly from selling highly competitive and non-essential products under brand-names on a country-wide, and, in some instances, on an international basis.

Of all the products only Postum, a coffee-substitute made out of roasted wheat and bran, perhaps escapes direct competition.

Dieting Founder—And General Foods Corporation, appropriately enough, stems from the Postum Company, founded by C. W. Post in 1895.

A nervous breakdown sent him to the Kellogg Sanitarium at Battle Creek. There he became interested in food and diet and came to the conclusion that coffee was playing the devil with him. Seeking a substitute, he mixed a concoction of wheat and bran, boiled it and gave the world Postum. He set up a company to manufacture it, and made millions before he left the business to his daughter in 1914, but it wasn't until 1925 that the company, under the leadership of Colby M. Chester, Jr., present chief executive, and Edward F. Hutton, began expanding into a broad food family.

The two leaders reasoned that one salesman could sell many products to a food-store nearly as easily as several, and they sought lines whose sales would counterbalance each other seasonally. Chiefly they were interested in brand-lines, like Baker's chocolate and Jell-O, which had become household words through national advertising and salesmanship.

Then came Frosted Foods.

Clarence Birdseye, a young scientist employed by the United States Biological Survey, got on intimate terms a few years ago with cold. He was mushing a dog-team across Labrador when an arctic blizzard swept over him, burying man, dogs, and sled. So he holed up for forty-eight hours, the snow-cave forming a warm enough blanket against the bitter air outside.

On another occasion he contracted smallpox and was isolated in a hut far out on the edge of a frozen lake. Later, with his wife and baby, he lived cozily in a storm-swept house, set on the rocks above a wintry Labrador sea. During most of the year they were not in need of an ice-box.

Swift Freezing—They hung their fresh meat in the back yard to freeze, and chopped it up with an ax as required. They fished Eskimo fashion through the ice, and the fish froze so fast out of the water that they congealed in the air in the middle of a flip.

Thus Clarence Birdseye got on the trail of an idea, and discovered that meats and fish lost little, if any, of their flavor if frozen *quickly*. He developed a commercially practicable process for it in a small plant in Gloucester, Massachusetts, first turning out frozen haddock in early 1925.

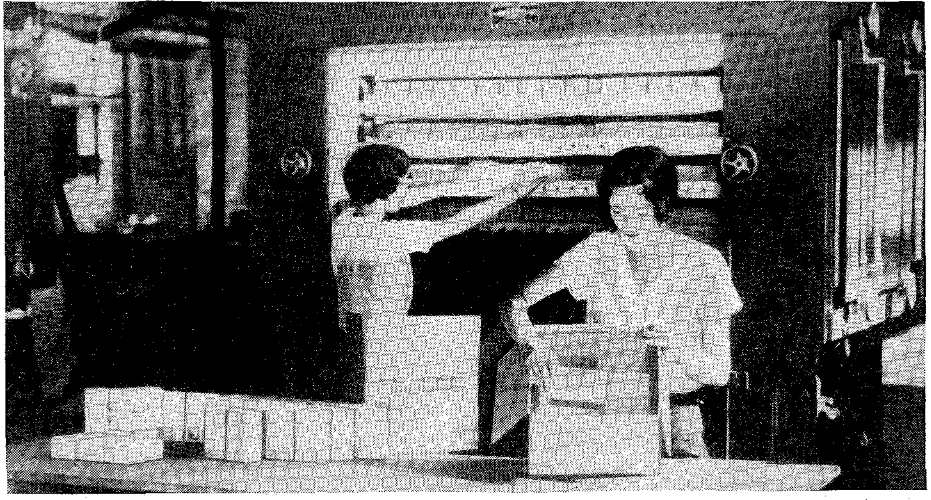
Four years later, the General Foods Corporation, whose officers had tasted food prepared by the Birdseye process, broke a custom of buying only well-known companies with widely-advertised brands, and gathered in the little company, paying 150,000 shares of stock valued at $10,750,000 for a 51 per cent. interest.

Later, it was able to acquire the remaining 49 per cent. for 30,000 shares valued at $900,000, altho this interest had cost the holder upwards of $12,000,000.

The little Gloucester company became Frosted Foods Co., Inc., and its products became Birds Eye Frosted Foods divided into five divisions—fruits, poultry, meats, vegetables, and seafoods.

Essentially the process contributed quick or speed freezing to food preservation, a matter of minutes in contrast to the slower methods of freezing the usual cold-storage foods.

Packaged in cartons covered with waxed paper, the food is placed between metal plates in a frosting-machine, and subjected, under uniform pressure, to a temperature minus 45 degrees Fahrenheit, induced by calcium chlorid brine, which freezes the food throughout at about a zero temperature. In a matter of minutes, the cartons pass out as hard, solid blocks, which keep indefinitely if kept under a temperature below 10 degrees Fahrenheit.



Out of the freezing box into the packing-cases: frozen food products, ready for shipping

Underlying Clarence Birdseye's process was the principle that freezing forms crystals in foods, the slower the freezing the larger the crystals. Whereas large crystals rupture cell-walls, and allow juices and flavor to escape when the food is thawed, speed-freezing forms such minute crystals that little or no structural change takes place. Thus the process "seals in flavor and freshness."

Birdseye asparagus, for instance, may not equal in flavor that of the same quality freshly cut in a garden and cooked immediately. But their "fresher than fresh" slogan, the company insists, means definitely that their products surpass those of similar quality, which usually take from one to five days to reach market-stalls and cooking-pots.

Plants at Sources—It was comparatively easy for Frosted Foods to set up a plant in Boston, where halibut and other fish could be taken from an incoming trawler, cleaned, packed, and rushed through the freezing-machine. Meats required some seasoning anyway, and a poultry-plant could be set up in the heart of the poultry-area around Fort Wayne, Indiana.

But to overcome the seasonal movement of maturing crops was another matter.

This difficulty Frosted Foods overcame by devising frosting-machines, like big refrigerators, movable by units in trucks or trains.

Seasonal Sales—During one season, two of the machines were used to freeze Southern berries in the early spring; clams in Massachusetts during June; beans and corn in Maine during July and August; lima-beans in New Jersey in September; mushrooms in Delaware in October; and seafoods during the winter.

Refrigerator-cars and storage-plants solved the problem of getting the frozen products from the source to the retailer without thawing.

Thus far, except for institutional selling, the products are sold chiefly in New England and the Middle Atlantic States, and prices are generally high. Company officials defend high prices by saying that their method of eliminating nearly all waste before packaging often offsets the difference in price—one of their two-pound frying-chickens is equivalent to a three-pound fryer as normally purchased. Also, this relieves the housewife of much kitchen drudgery such as cleaning and waste removal.

And, during non-seasonal periods, they can offer "fresh" products at much lower prices than those available in the market: Fresh oysters in summer tonged during early winter months while fat and flavory; fresh strawberries in winter picked during summer months when brought to maturity by hot sunshine.

Correction

THE LITERARY DIGEST in a head-line last week erroneously stated that the Pennsylvania Railroad ranks fifth as a passenger carrier and eighth as a freight carrier in the United States. A few copies of the magazine were distributed before the error was detected. As correctly stated in the article the road carries more than one-fifth of the passengers and one-eighth of the railroad freight traffic of the country.

WAR OF FASHION Dress Trade Gets Charges of Piracy, Monopoly, Boycotting

Last week the Fashion Originators' Guild of America, Inc., collided with the Federal Trade Commission. It was charged with suppressing competition, setting up a compulsory monopoly which fined non-cooperators from $1 to $1,500, frequently blacklisting them. Named with the parent group were four associate organizations—Michigan Avenue Guild, Chicago; Minneapolis Fashion Guild; Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Guild, Baltimore; National Federation of Textiles.

All of them would probably agree that the action stems from woman's vanity.

For a woman who at Wednesday bridge spots another wearing a duplicate of her "exclusive" gown quite understandably feels like doing something about it. The shop that sold her the dress, the firm that designed it, are constantly doing something about it. They are trying to outthink the clever dress pirate.

And these corsairs of *couture* are hard to outthink. Usually women, they lurk wherever smart clothes are on display, their sharp eyes and pencils plotting the *croquis* from which cheap copies can be run off by the thousands. Stores draw their window-curtains at night and on Sundays to thwart them. But no blinds can be drawn at semipublic social functions.

Wedding Gantlet—Recently at a fashionable wedding in New York's Fifth Avenue the bride walked through two solid lines of sketchers. One woman, sprawled atop the church marquee, was hauled down by police.

Convinced that collective action against pirates was vital, dress and fabric designers and manufacturers in 1932 founded the Guild. To-day it has 200 members in the garment manufacturing division, fifty in the textile merchandising trade. About 12,000 retailers belong to the Affiliated Members' Group, a third division. More than 1,500 manufacturers are not members, probably three times that many textile firms.

The Guild drew up its own code of fair practises: elimination of unfair merchandise returns from retailers; uniform discount rates; a ban on unreasonable cancelation of orders; a tabu on advertising subsidies.

Blacklisting—The Guild makes no bones about defending fines and boycotts as necessary, but will not disclose the names of firms it has blacklisted, believing that to do so would be unethical. The $1,500 fine is the largest it has ever assessed.

Meanwhile two trade associations in the automobile parts and accessories field also found themselves in difficulties with the Trade Commission. One was the Parts Association, consisting of 295 jobbers and 194 manufacturers of parts and equipment. The other is the Motor & Equipment Wholesale Association, made up of about 400 jobbers. Among specific firms cited were AC Spark Plug Company, General Electric Company, National Carbon Company, Perfect Circle Company, and Timken Roller Bearing Company.

They are charged with fixing uniform and substantially identical prices, controlling resale prices, informing one another of proposed price changes. By designating certain jobbers as "legitimate" and requir-

MUNICIPAL PLANTS NEGLECT FARMERS

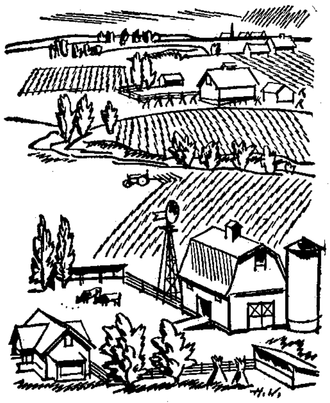
FARMERS and other rural residents need not even *hope for* any benefits when their nearest city decides to build its own electric plant.

The New York Legislative Committee Investigating Public Utilities says it is the tendency of municipal plants both within and without the State to favor users who live within the limits of the city or village where the plant is located:

"Its policy too often is to look after its own municipality and no one else."

Yet farmers deserve low-cost power as well as those who live and vote within city limits. Operating companies of the Associated System supply electricity to 59,088 farmers. Associated Companies in New York State alone are building 1,000 miles of rural line this year to carry service to at least 4,000 new rural and farm customers.

ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM



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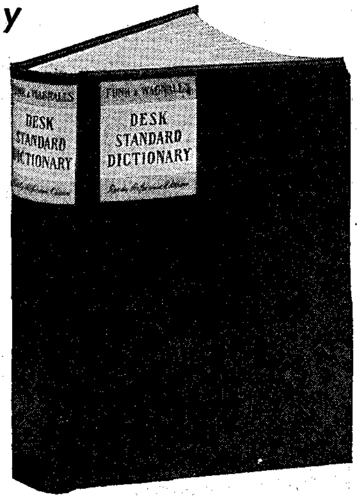

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When all else fails end your suffering with the flexible "no-metal" *HEEFNER ARCH SUPPORT* Look at the picture. Your eyes tell you it is just what you need. Doctors who know foot structure will tell you its principle is *perfect*—the *ONLY* one that supports the heel, ankle and *all* arches. Relieves leg and back strain. Makes you feel strong on your feet again. WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET. Heefner Arch Support Co., 366 M. E. Taylor Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

ing them to carry a certain inventory, it is alleged, they have made it difficult for many small jobbers to survive.

Both the Fashion Guild and the automotive groups were given until May 22 to show cause why a cease and desist order should not be issued against them. The former, through its Executive Director, Albert M. Post, announced that it would fight. The Parts Associations have not decided what action to take.

TOY WONDERLAND "Santa Claus" Gets a Running Start at Displays in New York

Detectives scratched their heads over a ransom note typed by a desperate kidnaper. They focused magnifying glasses on it, scrutinized it under strong lights, for it was the key to the capture of the man they wanted. But they could not turn the key, because the letters matched no known make of typewriter.

Then one of them hit upon an idea: "Don't they make toy typewriters for kids?" he asked. His hunch proved correct, and soon they had their man. Now toymakers must submit models of their midget machines to the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice for classification.

This week the miniature typewriters of 1936 are on display with more than 10,000 other playthings in twin wonderlands at the Hotel McAlpin and the Toy Center, New York City. Thousands of buyers will examine the toys, all of which are of American manufacture, and order those that catch their eyes. Plants this summer will hum, turning out the successful models. Along about the end of next December, as all good children know, *Santa Claus* will do the rest.

European Tradition—Traditional toy fairs in Europe have been colorful events for centuries. The German names Leipzig, Sonnenberg, and Lustgarten were magic to children of another generation across the Atlantic, and once upon a time from 200 to 250 American toy buyers gathered in Nuremberg, Bavaria, every year during the busy season. Now only a handful appear.

For in 1914 the master toymakers of Germany marched like their obedient lead *soldaten* to war. Until that unhappy year 80 per cent. of Young America's toys came from abroad, a lion's share of them from Germany. Until the last years of the nineteenth century there was not a single doll factory in the whole United States. But the War changed everything, for children as well as adults; and now America finds herself successor to the title of toy capital of the world.

The War actually changed even the demands and tastes of the buying public, as well, for martial toys have been on a slight but steady decline ever since armies of flesh and blood made the world view those of tin and wood as too-realistic reminders.

Toy soldiers and their trappings go back 3,000 years. Napoleon's dragoons and *cuirassiers* dotted the floors of French farmhouses from Brittany to Strasbourg, while across the Rhine blond urchins drilled and marched the tiny *uhlans* and *jaeger* of Scharnhorst and Blücher. In a certain museum in Paris the silver army of a French *dauphin* stand disconsolately a hundred abreast, like the Bourbons covered with dust.

Non-Martial—But this year's Fair in New York reflects the growing feeling against anything that might "put ideas" into youngsters' heads. Less than 1 per cent. of the exhibit is of a martial nature.

History is full of the origin of other toys. Small Egyptians cuddled rag dolls of linen stuffed with papyrus from the banks of the Nile. The spinning top is mentioned in Vergil's Æneid. Young Athenians played with swings, whipping tops, and knucklebones not unlike the jack-stones familiar to every American lad. Roman children caught balls stuffed with feathers or fig-seeds.

During the eighteenth century in France, men, women, and children played with animated pasteboard figures called *pantins*.

Advances in science have always left their marks on the toy industry. When the early balloon ascensions of the Montgolfier brothers held the attention of the world, European children started the toy balloon craze that has lasted down to to-day. Modern science inspires the latest American toys—electrical sets in which a child may make use of the magic "electric eye"; tiny electric blast furnaces with which a boy may mold his own lead toys; optical sets that teach them to build their own telescopes, magnifying glasses, periscopes, and kaleidoscopes.

Makers of toy trains were quick to copy the first stream-lined limiteds. Now the manufacturers claim that they were the first to suggest changes later adopted in the large trains, such as the weight-saving articulated wheels.

Psychologists agree that toys fall into three classes: 1. duplicates of adult articles; 2. educational toys; 3. "action" toys. All three are featured in the six acres of displays in the American Toy Fair.

Too Perfect—One duplicate of an adult article there, however, ran into difficulties with the Government in its first model. It is a toy cash register with bell, cash drawer, and real sales checks. But the play money originally designed for it was too perfect, had to be changed.

America's toys come from many States. Doll houses and furniture, and children's furniture come from the Michigan lumber district.

The Ohio steel valley boasts steel toy supremacy. Toy automobiles are made from scraps of the Detroit factories. New York City has a corner on doll factories.

In the whole country the number at work in 1,000 toy plants ranges from 25,000 normal to 35,000 peak. Last year the total production was valued at more than $85,000,000. Only $2,587,000 worth of toys were imported, some 75 per cent. of them cheap celluloid, rubber, or wooden imitations from Japan. Exports were $2,145,000.

Chief problem of the industry is to halt pirating of successful models. Led by the Toy Association, plant owners sponsor patenting of designs as well as mechanical ideas.

An inventor may believe he has a world-beating idea, and decide to make the toy himself. He will find it difficult. The toy industry is closely held, and hard to break into.

For instance, every Shirley Temple doll is made in one factory. Only four plants make electric trains.

The inventor's best bet is to sell his idea to an established company, and accept the 2½ to 10 per cent. royalty. Name royalties are biggest for *Mickey Mouse*, Shirley Temple, and the Dionnes.

Photographs © International

Future customers show interest in the latest bob-sleds and dolls at the American Toy Fair, the largest of its kind in the world

The Open Forum

(*Continued from page 2*)

mess, we are on our way up. In a very few years, if no drastic unfortunate nation-wide conditions develop, we will be back up among the "civilized class," and beyond. And it is due solely to us. We have a powerful all-for-one and one-for-all cooperative system that is unbeatable. It works. And so do we.

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AMERICAN MOTHER.
Warrington, Florida.

LANDON'S PIPE

Sir:—I observe that one of your readers objects to your printing a picture of Governor Landon with a pipe.

I don't suppose he objects to your printing a picture of President Roosevelt with his cigarette.

G. N. ARTS.
Columbus, Ohio.

CORRECTION

Sir:—While it is most gratifying to find you publishing an article calculated to foster the interest of the American public in the dance, I was not a little surprized to find that the photographs illustrating this article, devoted to the American ballet, featured Mr. Charles Weidman and myself.

Thomas Bouchard Photograph

Tamiris dances, but is "most definitely" not a member of the American Ballet

I am most definitely not associated with this form of the art, having devoted myself exclusively to the "Modern Dance."

In passing may I mention that the photograph purporting to be of me, really depicted my esteemed contemporary, Miss Doris Humphrey.

In view of these two irrelevancies, I should be glad if you could find some way of making a correction.

TAMIRIS.
New York.

[Not "featured" in the article describing the American Ballet, the photographs referred to by Tamiris were published in connection with the article on the same page concerning Thomas Bouchard, the photographer. The picture of Doris Humphrey was labeled "Tamiris" (see cut for the real Tamiris) by Mr. Bouchard's press-agent.—*Editor.*]

PEARLS

Sir:—In "Pearls: Bright Jewels of the Sea" [April 11 issue] I note you state that the "Chinese have known for centuries the trick of inserting an irritant into the oyster to form a cultivated product."

I was always under the impression that the Japanese were the originators and that they are the ones actively associated with this end of the pearl industry.

New York. MARTHA L. SCHWARTZ.

[Kokichi Mikimoto, owner of 41,000 acres of oyster farms in Japanese waters, concedes the Chinese origin of pearl culture. In *The Rotarian* for December, 1934, he writes:

"The idea of making the lowly oyster create beauty for mankind was old centuries ago. Ancient Chinese used to make a 'pearl Buddha' by putting a tiny earthen or leaden image inside a fresh water mussel."—*Editor.*]

BOLIVAR

Sir:—Mr. José I. Gnecco of Berkeley, California, objects, and doubtless with good reason, to Simon Bolivar being called Liberator of South America.

However, it does not seem consistent of him to write "the liberator of" Cinco Republicas Sudamericanas.

It should properly be "El Libertador de Cinco Republicas Sudamericanas."

A. J. DRAPER.
San Fernando, California.

PRESIDENTIAL MOLE

Sir:—On your cover of April 18 is a close-up photograph of President Roosevelt which discloses a mole on his right cheek hitherto unknown to the public in general.

It resembles a very similar defect on the cheek of Abraham Lincoln.

Can it be that such a matter of external physique could affect and coordinate an internal mentality? C. F. GARRISON.
New York.

PRESSURE AND ALTITUDE

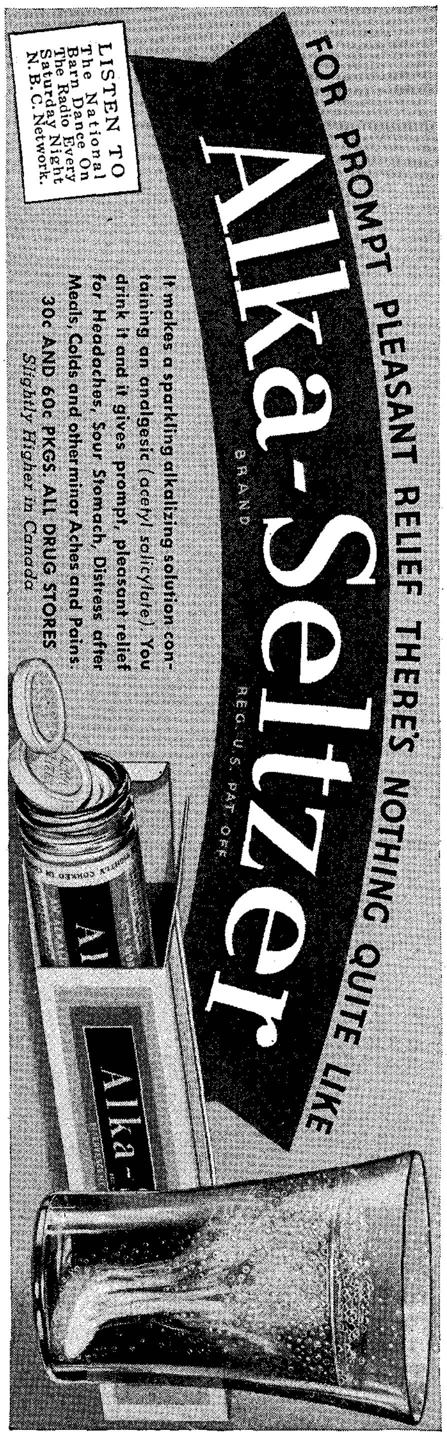
Sir:—In "Tact and Heroism on U. S. Air-Lines," you made an incorrect statement. You said that, "the air pressure is greater at high altitudes." That is not so. The air pressure decreases as the altitude increases. HERBERT ENGELMANN.
Wilmington, Delaware.

[The higher the altitude the greater the pressure inside an air-tight container such as a thermos bottle referred to in the article.—*Editor.*]

BASEBALL

Sir:—Who are the two baseball players on the cover of the April 11 issue?
Halstead, Kansas. CHARLES W. ELLIOTT.

[Alex Hooks of the Athletics is the man at bat. The catcher is Cliff Bolton of the Senators. The picture was taken at the opening game in 1935.—*Editor.*]



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To be Sure.—Hotel Page—"Telegram for Mr. Neidspondiavanci, Mr. Neidspondiavanci!"

Mr. Neidspondiavanci—"What initial, please?"—*The Beehive.*

Unique. — Airman (after landing in a tree)—"I was trying to make a new record."

Farmer—"You did. You're the first man to climb down that tree before climbing up it."—*Whitley Weekly Record.*

Commence.—A Yale player was teaching some cowboys how to play football. He explained the rules and ended as follows:

"Remember, fellows, if you can't kick the ball, kick a man on the other side. Now let's get busy. Where's the ball?"

One of the cowboys shouted: "T'hell with the ball! Let's start the game!"—*Western Truck Owner.*

The Queen.—Did you know that the Queen of Spain once thought of organizing a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in her country? She confided in a high official of the Court. He suggested, "The first thing we must do in order to raise funds, is to organize a big bull-fight for it."—*American Humorist.*

New Owner.—He took her hand in his and gazed proudly at the engagement ring he had placed on her finger only three days before.

"Did your friends admire it?" he inquired, tenderly.

"They did more than that," she replied. "Two of them recognized it!"—*Christian Science Monitor.*

The Tree Crocodile. — The customer proved most exacting, and the assistant was growing impatient.

"Now you are sure this is genuine crocodile skin?" the customer inquired, critically examining a handbag.

"Quite sure, Madam," was the reply. "You see, I know the man who shot that crocodile."

"It looks rather dirty," remarked the customer.

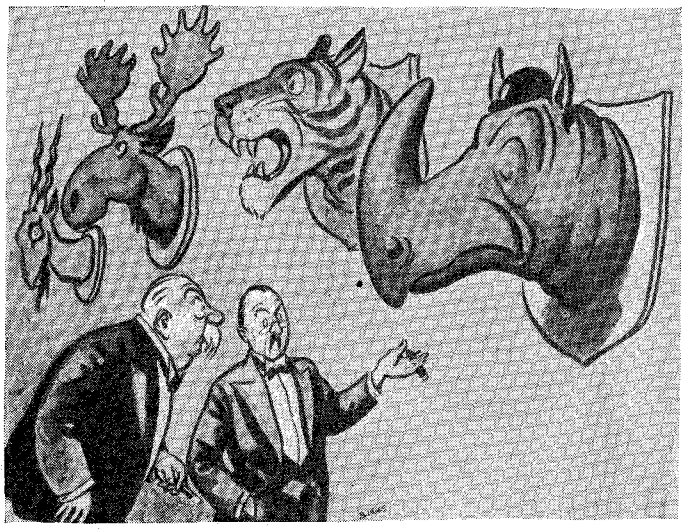
"Well, yes," replied the assistant, "that's where the animal struck the ground when it fell out of the tree."—*The Automobilist.*

1936 Success Story.—He had tried hard several times, but failed. There had always been some excuse—his youth, appearance, financial status. This time he was determined. There would be no more nonsense.

Brusquely he elbowed his way through dozens of applicants, past private desks, directly into the office of the chief executive.

"Now, look here—" he began. He spoke forcefully, brushing aside all protests.

Ten minutes later, smiling scornfully at the waiting mob, he marched out. At last, he was on relief.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



"THIS ONE HAS SUCH A BEASTLY SUPERCILIOUS EXPRESSION THAT I PUT THAT HAT ON TO TAKE HIM DOWN A PEG."

—The Passing Show (London).

We.—The bride of a few weeks noticed that her husband was depressed.

"Gerald, dearest," she said, "I know something is troubling you, and I want you to tell me what it is; your worries are not your worries now, they are our worries."

"Oh, very well," he said. "We've just had a letter from a girl in New York, and she's suing us for breach of promise."—*Montreal Star.*

Beyond Recall. — Tourist (having looked over historic castle, to butler)—"I've made a stupid mistake. I tipped his lordship instead of you."

Butler—"That's awkward. I'll never get it now."—*Dodo.*

Results.—Would-Be Advertiser—"Are you certain that advertisements in your paper bring results?

Country Editor—"Absolutely. Why, the last time a man advertised a lost dog, the dog walked in while the man was writing out the advertisement."—*Grit.*

Modest.—The judge who was about to deliver a severe sentence looked at the defendant in the dock and began: "This robbery was consummated in an adroit and skilful manner."

The prisoner blushed and interrupted: "Come now, your honor. No flattery, please."—*Column Review.*

The Way to Fame.—Author—"Well, sir, the upshot of it was that it took me ten years to discover that I had absolutely no talent for writing literature."

Friend—"You gave up?"

Author—"Oh, no; by that time I was too famous."—*Valdosta Times.*

Slips That Pass in the Type

Like a Rabbit.—FOR SALE—1930 Sport Coupé with first calf.—*Wetumka (Okla.) paper.*

Sound Your A.—
WANTED lady or gentlemen violinist. Near everything.—*Alhambra (Calif.) paper.*

Stuffed.—Around 4 P.M., employees of a furniture concern, arrived at the apartment with a cough which had been upholstered.—*Cleveland paper.*

Slack Season.—
RAMBLERS WIN TITLE
Pile Up 57 Pints in Season
—*Bangor (Me.) paper.*

Which Came First?—The A——s were married near Van Wert, Ia., and became acquainted while attending select school in Garden Grove, Ia.—*San Diego (Calif.) paper.*

And a Good Thing, Too.—
SCHOOL CHIEF
DENIES CHARGES
OF IMMORTALITY
—*Orange (Calif.) paper.*

De-Boosters.— . . . and now it seems that our legislature is going to fail to utilize the greatest opportunity in Arkansas history to attract people from the entire nation to visit and admire our beautiful scenery and inimical hospitality.—*Arkansas paper.*

Keep Crime Clean!—
WOULD TAKE POLITICS
OUT OF CRIME
—*Aurora (Ill.) paper.*

Wearing Thin.—The Garden Club will meet Wednesday at 2:30 o'clock. The study subject will be: "Conservation of Native Pants."—*Tiptonville (Tenn.) paper.*

Slippery Sam.—The payment of $90 is urged in full settlement of the action of E—— Y——, who fell on an allegedly icy health officer and clerk.—*Hartford (Conn.) paper.*

Season Opens.—Prospects for a busy season were forecast to-day following a survey made of real estate agents, who reported receiving injuries for summer homes, cottages and apartments.—*Philadelphia paper.*

Too True.—Among his patrons were the Emperor of Japan, the Emperor and Empress Dowager of China, the King of Siam, the Shah of Persia, the Sultan of Turkey and most of the crowded heads in Europe. —*Philadelphia paper.*

Unsteady.—The driver of the coupé jumped from the car and ran, they said, after the accident. The coupé struck another car before striking the man. Officers who investigated found seven cases of contraband corn whisky in the driver of the car shortly.—*Columbia (S. C.) paper.*

"Oklahoma's Oil Fields are My Office"

"MY DESK IS AT THE WHEEL OF THE 1936 PLYMOUTH"

CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH
F. D. CUMMINGS, DISTRICT PROD. SUPT.,
SKELLY OIL CO., INC., TULSA, OKLA.

FOR 40 YEARS, F. D. Cummings has been getting gas and oil out of the ground. And today a big 1936 Plymouth helps him superintend production at 140 Skelly oil wells.

"The company gave me my choice," says Mr. Cummings, "and I picked Plymouth. I drive 3,000 miles a month all over these oil fields . . . and my Plymouth's comfort and ease of handling are real blessings.

"Hydraulic brakes and a Safety-Steel body decided me on Plymouth . . . I want no part of accidents.

"And with perfect engineering . . . no wonder it's so economical to run!"

You may not do one-third the driving Mr. Cummings does. But you *do* want the safety, comfort, economy and reliability Plymouth gives.

Drive it . . . try out this big, new Plymouth. Just ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer to arrange it.

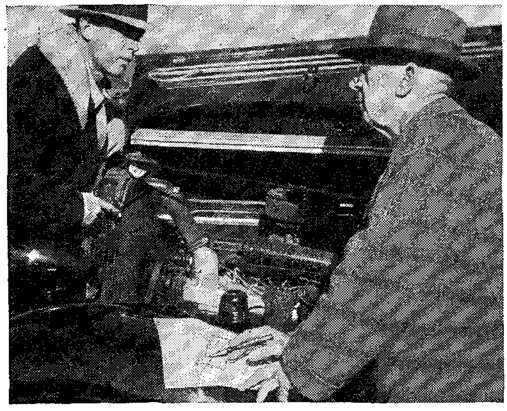
PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

EASY TO BUY

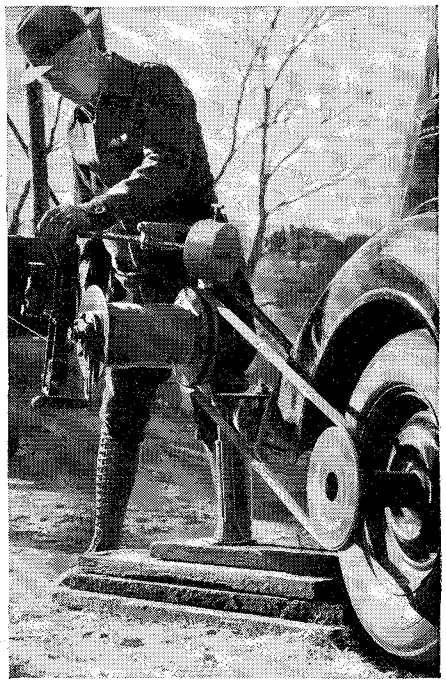
Plymouth is priced with the lowest . . . and Plymouth terms are as low as the lowest! You can buy a big, new Plymouth for as little as $25 a month. The Commercial Credit Company has made available to all Chrysler, Dodge and De Soto dealers low finance terms that make Plymouth easy to buy.

$510

And up, list at factory, Detroit. Special equip. extra



"THERE'S NO VIBRATION in a Plymouth. It's all absorbed by Floating Power engine mountings."



(*Above*) MR. CUMMINGS contrived a rear wheel pulley for his Plymouth. It reels in plumb line . . . sounds oil well depth.

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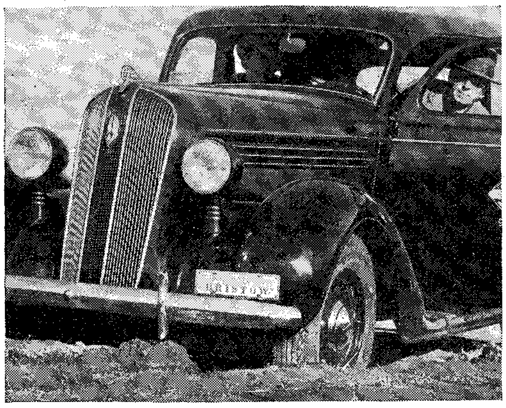
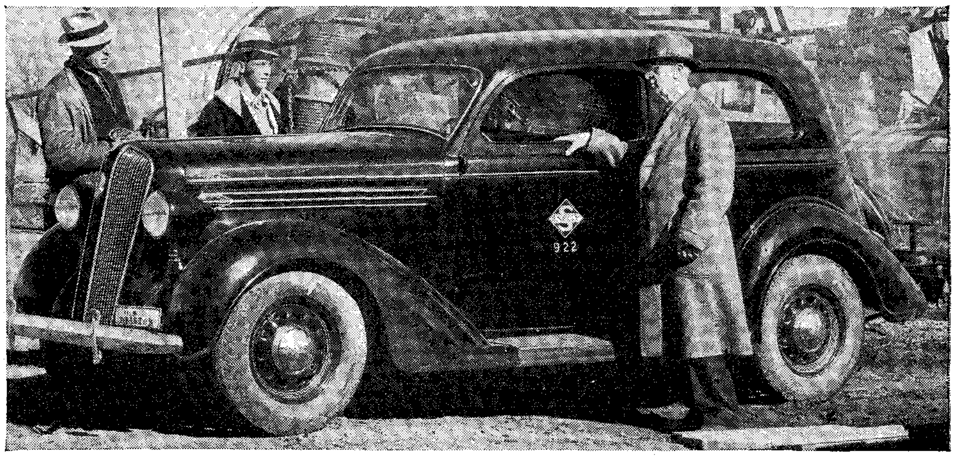
(*Left*) "THIS OIL FIELD COUNTRY sure makes a driver thankful for Plymouth's stamina and comfort," says Mr. Cummings.





AT ONE OF THE 140 WELLS . . . with the Plymouth he selected, Mr. Cummings, production superintendent, says, "I feel safe in Plymouth . . . with its Safety-Steel body and 100% Hydraulic brakes!"

• TUNE IN ED WYNN TUESDAY NIGHTS, 8:30 E. S. T., N. B. C. RED NETWORK . . . "GULLIVER THE TRAVELER"

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS